Vol. CXXVII. No. 1648.

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe MORRIS do!

[THE BYSTANDER, JULY 17, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

SPORT GOSSIP STAGE GOLF SOCIETY FILMS RACING FASHIONS

1/-

FILM STARS IN COLOUR

Sporting and Social Snapshots

DEAF HEAR ALL YOU WANT TO HEAR —Everywhere

NOTHING TO WEAR!

Don't let deafness debar you from Livelihood, Church, Talkies, Radio, Shopping, Sports, Conversation, Music, etc. No need to pay fancy prices or go to so-called Clinics—Give Nature a chance—she will not be forced, but lends herself to gentle exercise. Home Self Treatment.

"VIBRADENTE"

Soothing, simple and pleasant; tone-sense renewing for Middle Ear (Catarrh), Nerve Deafness (Head Noises), Clarifying and Correcting Sound.

WONDERFUL RESULTS

CALL FOR FREE TREATMENT or ask for particulars of HOME TEST OFFER.

R. H. DENT, M.Inst.P.I., 309, Oxford St., London, W.1

(*Coloured Building and Square Clock.*) *Mayfair* 1380/1718.

Buses stop at door, near two car parks.

SERVICE BUREAUX THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

HEDGES & BUTLER'S

WRITE OR TELEPHONE FOR PRICE LIST OF

WINES, SPIRITS, & CIGARS

Telephone: Regent 4444.

153 REGENT STREET, LONDON

Brighton, Bournemouth & Branches.

VERY CHOICE WINES

WINE MERCHANTS — SINCE 1667

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

CHAMPAGNE

1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

So refreshing!

EAU DE COLOGNE

CORDON ROUGE

In the car . . . on your dressing table . . . in the bathroom . . . you will find it a daily necessity.

C.F.H.36

Founded in Amsterdam 1575

BOLS BLUE CURAÇAO

Try the new WINDSOR COCKTAIL, which contains Bols Blue Curaçao, invented by C. Frey, Piccadilly Hotel

A new liqueur of exquisite flavour and fascinating colour. An essential ingredient in all of the most modern cocktails.

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"OF RARE MELLOWNESS"

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post. 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: 346, Strand, W.C.2. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, VIII. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

BRITISH HOTELS

FACING THE SEA AND SUN

The Royal Victoria is in the centre of St. Leonards, standing on an imposing island site—at the back—delightful gardens. 5 minutes from Hastings with all its holiday entertainments. The Hotel has a delightful new Sun Lounge. 100 bedrooms each with hot and cold water and radiator. Menus prepared by a famous chef. Garage, lift. From 13/6 per day inclusive.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *'Phone: Hastings 869.*

England's most beautiful holiday-land—the Lake District. Its leading Hotel—

THE KESWICK

at KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER.

Illustrated tariff from J. & M. Wivell & Son, *Proprietors.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

ST. CAST, Nr. DINARD

(Motor Bus)

Through Tickets from London. The most charming resort on the Emerald Coast. Golf (18 holes), Tennis, Fishing. Fine Water Tobogg.

THE ROYAL BELLEVUE

Right on the Beach. 50 Baths. Dancing. The favourite hotel of English Society. Early Season - **£4.0.0.** High season - **£4.15.0** (all taxes included).

ÉTRETAT. GOLF HOTELS.

Facing Sea. Open all year. All comfort. 120 rooms. Famous cuisine. Prices reduced to meet the pound. Apply to B, Golf Hotels.

JUAN-LES-PINS

The Smartest Beach of All.

Flowers. — Sun. — Sports.

An Ideal Holiday at

"LE PROVENÇAL"

300 Rooms — 250 Baths.

Specia low rates to meet present conditions.

— CASINO. —

OSTEND
HOTEL DE LA PLAGE

Open June to September.

Full board from 15/- daily.

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein. — "Der Kaiserhof." — The Hotel of distinction, comfort, perf. service. Unrivalled position in own vast park.

Salzburg.—Grand Hotel de l'Europe.—The leading Hotel, situated in its own extensive Park. Every comfort.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute. — Palace Hotel. — Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Add.: Palace, Knocke.

Spa.–Grand Hotel Britannique.–150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park, Garage, Tennis. R.A.C. From 12/6.

FRANCE.

Paris. — Hotel Cambon. — 3 rue Cambon (Madeleine-Tuileries). Every comft. Room from Frs. 20. Pension from Frs. 45.

Paris. — Hotel Lutetia. — Of universal renown. Every possible comfort. Rooms from Frs. 25.

Biarritz.—Hotel Le Sahel.—All comfort. Restaurant facing sea. First-class cuisine. Pens: from 60-80 Frs.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Cannes.–Spend Summer at the **Htl. Miramar.** Its New Grill—where good taste and good living are insep'ble. All r'ms with priv. bath.

Le Touquet.–Hotel des Anglais.–In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. swim. pool. 1st class. Residential hotel, same managem't Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat. — Grand Hotel Majestic Palace. — Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

Saint-Jean-De-Luz.—Golf Hotel.—Best position facing sea and mountains. Reduced rates.

Versailles.–"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st-class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Berlin. — Hotel Alhambra. — Best quiet position at 68, Kurfürstendamm. Each room priv. bath, wireless, telephone. From RM.8.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Atlantic.—Lichtentaler Allee. Opp. Cas., quiet, south pos. Free fr. dust. Every comfort. Full pen. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.–Hotel Europe.–Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pen. fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof. Wholly renov. 1935, fac. Kurpark, a home fr. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(Two min. fr. golf course, 18 holes.) Ideal home for golfers and those who seek rec. Full board fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pens. terms: M. 11 up. Personal man., H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.–Hotel Quellenhof.–Nr. Ther. bths. Ev'ry com. Full pen. fr. RM.7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel"; f. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best pos. near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM. 3.50.

Bühlerhöhe Blk. Forest.—800 mt. (2600 ft.), nr. Baden-Baden. Kurhaus & San. All cure fac. diets, rest cures. All sports. Pen. fr. M.11.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad— The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.-Autors Htl. Prince of Wales.-Fam. htl. pref. by Englishmen. All mod. com. Mod. prices, excel. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim. — Hotel Bristol. — Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old established, comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional pos. by park. 20 yds. fr. Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden fac'g baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pens. fr. RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—First-class in every way. Facing Baths and Kur-park. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim. — Park Hotel. — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM.4, with p.b.fr.RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.–Lead. htl, r. fr. RM.5. r., w. bath fr. RM.9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-a.-M.—Hotel Excelsior.—
Left exit of Central Station.
300 beds from RM. 4.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading Hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch. — Bavarian Alps. **— Hotel Neu-Werdenfels. —** First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.**–Sonnenbichl.—** Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alsterbasin, 2 minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Heidelberg. — Reichspost Hotel. — Highly recom. by Germ. and For. Guide Books. Opp. Cent. Sta. Wine & Beer Rest. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—Two min. fr. Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Pk. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from 4 RM.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Mannheim.-Palace Htl., Mannheimer Hof.- Latest Creation of European Htl. Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive from Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.–Park Hotel.–Well-known family-house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Munich. — Hotel Grunewald. — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Koenigshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st class, nr. theatres & museums. 150 rms., 50 bths. New underground garage.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Viktoria. — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden.-Htl. Nassauer Hof.-Wld.-renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

ITALY.

Baveno–(Lago Maggiore)–Hotel Bellevue.– The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. Terms.

Colle Isarco (3281 ft.).—**Dolomites.—Hotel Gudrun.—**Every comfort. Moderate terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois).— On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full South on lake front. First-class family Hotel. Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Pension S. Fr. 13, upwards.

Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne - Palace - Beau - Site.—First class at reasonable rates. Exc. cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel.–First-class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake. Baths free for guests. Pk., Ten., Gar.

Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Rooms from 6 Frs. 1st class. Pension from 14.50 Frs. Always open.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. Frs. 8. Pen. fr. Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Lucerne. — Hotel Schweizerhof. — Every Comfort. Personal Attention. Golf, 18 holes. O. Hauser, Proprietor.

Montreux.–Hotel Continental.–On the lake. 1st cl. Up-to-date. An Ideal Home in a charm. pos. Park. Gar. New rates. (Prop., W. Deig).

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine. Pension from Frs. 10.

Wengen.–Palace Hotel.–The best of the best. Tennis, Bathing, Mountaineering. Dancing. Incl. terms from Frs. 16. Fritz. Borter, Prop.

Zermatt (5315 ft.).—**The 8 Hotels Seiler.—** 1000 beds. Full pension rate from Frs. 9, 10 and 12.50 upwards.

Zurich-Dolder. — Dolder Grand Hotel. — 1900 ft. Golf in front of Hotel—Wonderful view—Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

The Bystander, July 17, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1648. Vol. CXXVII.

Swaebe

AN EVER YOUTHFUL PAIR—LILIE ELSIE AND JOSEPH COYNE

In the galaxy of talent brought together by C. B. Cochran for the mammoth cabaret and ball at Grosvenor House, given in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, there was one incident which recalled the happiest of memories. This was when (see above) Joe Coyne greeted his waltzing partner, Lilie Elsie, for on June 8th, 1907, these two created the rôles of Prince Danilo and Sonia in "The Merry Widow," and so warmly were their efforts welcomed by the playgoing public that the run continued for 778 performances

Mammoth !

C. B. Cochran's Great Charity Party—Cabaret, Supper and Dancing

IT really was "the biggest cabaret show on earth," with four hundred artists performing, and among them dozens and dozens of acting, singing, and dancing stars. The turns were done on two stages with a "corridor" between, and the whole entertainment, besides being brilliant, was brilliantly organised—an example to charity committees. The party was in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, for which Mr. Cochran aimed to raise £10,000

Captain Bobby Cunningham-Reid, whose wife was joint-hostess with C. B. Cochran, is talking to Lady Veronica Hornby and Captain James.

After You, Me !

Mrs. C. B. Cochran gets a knight's kiss from Sir Seymour Hicks (who went to Buckingham Palace that morning to receive his knighthood from the King); Joe Coyne is the competitor on the left. He and Seymour Hicks are both wearing their "flunkeys'" uniforms

Cabaret on the Grandest Scale at Grosvenor House

Left: C. B. Cochran and some of his "boys"—Howard Wyndham, Aubrey Mather, Athole Stewart, Joe Coyne, Alfred Drayton, and Tristan Rawson. They and a few more were on duty as flunkeys and showed the various supper parties to their tables as they arrived, under the orders of Seymour Hicks, head flunkey

Right: Mr. Cecil Beaton the Herbert, Lady Caroline Paget, John Sutro. Cecil Beaton and line Paget are the hero and as a half-caste girl) of a short being made in Dorset at with John Sutro, who's a London Films, as another member

Above are Sir Gerard Fuller and Mrs. Charles Mills waiting for the cabaret

Captain and Mrs. Frank Stanley Clarke and the Hon. Eileen Brougham on their way in, Captain Stanley Clarke still on crutches as a result of his recent polo accident

Right: Miss Joan Eyres Monsell and the Maharaja of Jaipur. She is the First Lord of the Admiralty's second daughter

Below is Mrs. Woolley-Hart, whose Eastern party to-night will be amusing if not "mammoth"; with her is Mr. Hyatt Robert Von-Dehn

Hon. David and Mr. Lady Caro- heroine (she film that's the moment, director of of the cast

Here are Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald, Mrs. Johnny Dewar, and Lady Chesham arriving at Grovenor House. There were about thirteen hundred people altogether at this vast party

England and America Congratulate Each Other After Wimbledon

Lady Wavertree and Fred Perry dancing together at the Tennis Ball in aid of the London School for the Blind, of which Lady Wavertree was president

The Champions

Helen Wills Moody and Fred Perry

No one could want to see better tennis than these two played to make themselves the singles champions of Wimbledon, and each of them was playing a historic game. Fred Perry, by beating the attractive German player, G. von Cramm, 6—2, 6—4, 6—4, created the record of having played through the championship from first to last round, to win in two successive years. And Helen Wills Moody, by her 6—3, 3—6, 7—5 victory (the last set a triumph of courage as well as of play) over Helen Jacobs, equalled Mrs. Lambert Chambers' great record of being seven times champion in the women's singles

Left: Mrs. Wills Moody sitting between Sir Herbert Wilberforce and Sir Samuel Hoare at the L.T.A. Ball

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 111 Sir Cedric Hardwicke

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

CEDRIC HARDWICKE is exactly the antithesis of George Arliss. George Arliss always plays himself—as Wellington, Rothschild, old Uncle Tom Cobley and all. Cedric Hardwicke specialises in strong make-up parts. Even in *Tovarich* he leaves his own personality behind. With his long, mobile upper lip, his society smile, and his odd habit of cocking his head on one side, our youngest theatrical knight has played in more long runs than any other actor in the country. Think of some of them—*The Farmer's Wife, Yellow Sands, Showboat, The Apple Cart, The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* and *The Late Christopher Bean.* The reason for his success is not far to seek. He chooses to appear in good plays, rather than in plays with a good part for him. The son of a doctor, with no theatrical talent in the family, he was born at Lye, in Worcestershire, and played Hamlet in his school's end-of-term show at the age of fourteen—a good thing to have got over so young. After a time at Tree's dramatic academy, with Ion Swinley and Roland Young as fellow-pupils, he just passed out with a third-class certificate.

HIS first professional job was a walking-on part in *The Monk and the Woman,* at the Lyceum, after which came a tour in South Africa, and then the Army. Cedric Hardwicke had a very odd war. He served in the Inns of Court, the Gunners, the R.A.S.C., the Queen's Westminsters, and the Northumberland Fusiliers, ending up as an acting-captain on the Staff ("You see, I was acting even in the Army"), and the last temporary officer in France to be demobilised. By this time he had graduated to G.H.Q., and possesses the actual Union Jack flown there on Armistice Day, 1918. After a bit of elegant starving in London, he managed to get a job with Barry Jackson in Birmingham, with *The Farmer's Wife* as his stepping-stone to fame. Cedric Hardwicke is a man, deliberately, of no mannerisms. He tries to keep himself a blank canvas, realising the danger of getting set, which always menaces an actor and renders him liable to lose both his plasticity and popularity. In the same way he takes care not to be superstitious—another quality which frequently handicaps members of the Profession. Like Bernard Shaw, he believes that a man is master of his fate, and plays no games except for some mild lawn tennis and bridge. If he plays golf it is in secret. His cricket is equally incognito. He has a cottage at Datchet, which is near as he gets to indulging his love of the sea. He plays the piano a little. He married Helena Pickard, and he has a little boy. You have probably seen him in *Becky Sharp,* the new coloured film at the New Gallery. But everything he does he achieves exceedingly well. You remember his part as the butler in *New Morality?* It was only a little part—six lines long—but he stole the whole play.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

The Animals Went In One By One

"Noah" (New Theatre)

Old father Noah, believe it or not, is that elegant young actor, John Gielgud. He is accompanied by a few very human animals

THANK goodness nowadays we have a broad-minded Censor who is not frightened to license a play because the characters step straight out of the Bible and tell a Bible story, though there is no reason on earth, or in the Flood, why *Noah* should be censored, for although, on occasions, the six-hundred-year-old patriarch does have confidential chats with God, yet there is nothing the least irreverent in them or in the play itself; in fact, the naïve simplicity of the whole affair is most appealing, and may send those unacquainted with Biblical history to look up the Book of Genesis to see how closely Arthur Wilmurt has stuck to the Biblical story when translating the original work, *Noé*, by André Obey. I wouldn't swear to it, but, incidentally, I believe M. André Obey has a difference of opinion with Genesis as to the particular wood with which the Ark was built.

ONE theatrical effect which might have been used has, I am glad to say, been omitted. We have Biblical authority for saying that old man Noah was fond of looking upon the wine when it was red until he closed his eyes in drunken stupor, but no hint of this is given, and the play is infinitely better without it, reliance being entirely placed on showing the Ark being built; the manner in which a perpetual downpour can get upon the nerves of the passengers enclosed in a confined space, and the ultimate disembarking and departure of the three sons and their wives and the animals when land was reached once more, the curtain falling upon a sign being given to the old boat-builder, in the form of a rainbow, that such a really remarkable flood should never happen again.

Sketches by Rouson

Left: the originators of the Black Races Ham (Colin Keith-Johnston) and Naomi (Ena Burrill)

AND just one word about the animals. We do not see them entering the Ark two by two, but one by one, and they are not treated with actuality, but rather in a sort of heraldic manner, each to represent the entire species, and all of them effectively, with full marks for the cow, whose expression of patronising affection is simply superb and reminiscent of a head-master gazing at a favourite pupil.

BUT even if the play were not itself so captivating, the performance of young John Gielgud as old Noah should draw the town. It is an amazing piece of acting in a very long part, but never once throughout the entire evening did youth obtrude itself. If the true art of acting is concealing one's own individuality and adopting that of another, then John Gielgud's Noah is indeed work on a very high plane.

COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON as a Westphalian sort of Ham—and a bit of a Bolshie—used his fine voice to advantage, and brothers Japhet and Shem, played by Marius Goring and Harold Young, were nicely contrasted character-studies representing the black, yellow, and white races. Marjorie Fielding made an understanding Mrs. Noah, and Ena Burrill, Cicely Howard, and Jessica Tandy were the attractive wives of Noah's three sons—and, what is more, added to our knowledge by being given the names of Naomi, Sella, and Ada, for on this subject Genesis is peculiarly silent. As for the animals, I herewith tender a congratulatory tickle behind each ear to show my appreciation of the way the cast entered into the skin of these parts.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Julie Haydon

A New Star—And She Knows How to Cry

Julie Haydon meant nothing to London two months ago: now, to anyone who saw her playing opposite Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel," she is a definitely interesting film personality. She's lovely to look at (blonde and blue-eyed), intelligent, has a face and manner that's clear of the Hollywood type, and the power of playing an emotional rôle with sincerity and conviction. You'd say she wasn't afraid of truth. She is twenty-four; was born in Illinois; has been in Hollywood since she was seven (and still hasn't become stereotyped); served an apprenticeship with California stock companies; has done a season of Russian plays; was chosen by Francis Lederer for his California stage production of "Autumn Crocus." Her performance in that got her the chance to play Titania in Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream." And her playing of the young poetess in the Hecht-MacArthur film with Coward has landed her a long-term contract with Paramount. Now all she needs is the right material, and no undue attention from the "grooming" man

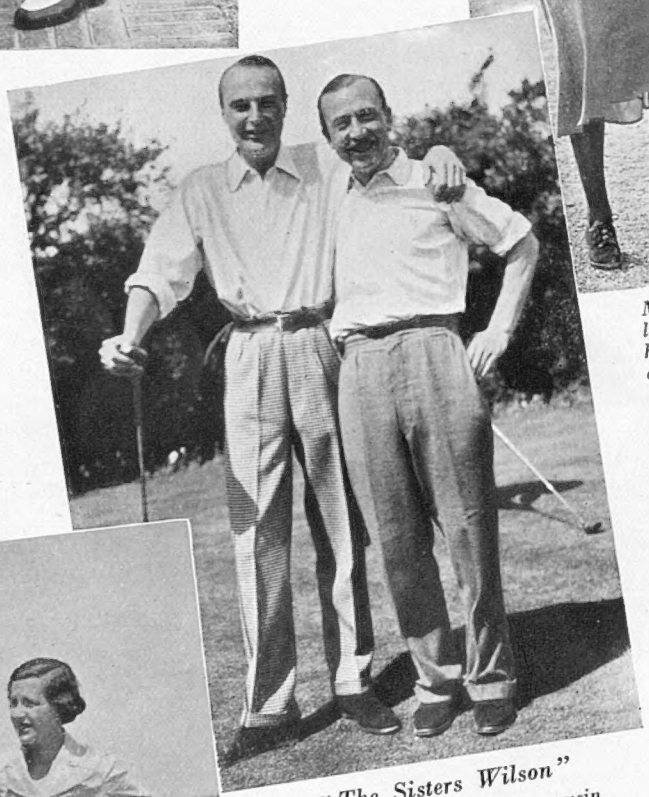
A Good Party At Le Touquet

The Buck's Club Annual Golf Tournament Week - End

Lady Patricia Ward talking to her cousin-by - marriage, Count Paul Munster. Her brother, Lord Dudley, was a semi - finalist

There was always th bored with golf; Mr is Lady Furness, plus h won this year by Capt. J.

Mrs. Lex Wilson, who is with Lord Carlisle, went over for the week - end with her husband; he is a previous winner and runner-up, but did no good this year



"The Sisters Wilson"

Mr. Lex Wilson and his cousin, "Boy" Wilson, called themselves when they were asked for their names. "Boy" Wilson came on from the Sales at Newmarket

Left: Ralph Hanké and his attractive wife were at Le Touquet; she was June Child, and is Mme. Davila de Peña's younger daughter

Right: the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket is one of the Guinness sisters; Ivor Bryce will soon have qualified for the "without whom no party is complete" label

Mrs. Brinsley Plunket and Ivor Bryce

piscine and sunbathing when anyone got Lezard swam there energetically. With her morning paper. The golf, by the way, was Coats, with Frank Douglas as runner-up

Right: Chris More-Molyneux, Lord and Lady Wharncliffe and Mrs. George Philipson outside the club-house

Right: Mrs. Stoneham and her son Vincent, who is a Cresta enthusiast at the other end of the year. Mrs. Stoneham had a party at her villa, and has planned another and bigger one for the Bank Holiday week-end

M. W. Holden, an American member of Buck's, the Hon. Charles Winn, who has an attractive American wife, and Robin Wilson, all waiting to play away

Mrs. Betty Shevlin Smith is one of New York's best London successes; she is a good golfer, though she had just put herself in the rough

The Hon. John Fox-Strangways, Lord Stavordale's brother, and a cheerful and imperturbable golfer, was another semi-finalist

Capt. Buckmaster ("Buck" himself) talking to Sir Hugh Seely and Major Bonsor by the starter's box

Right: Lord Portarlington has two lovely Americans with him in his car—blonde Dorothy Fell and brunette Mrs. Erskine Gwynne, both of whom have gone over in a big way since they arrived in England

Walter Bird

RENEE HOUSTON

Just half of the double turn popular in music halls known as the Houston Sisters, Renee 'verted from Variety to take the lead in musical comedy when "Love Laughs . . !" came to the London Hippodrome. Here she scored an instantaneous success, for she not only took the lead, but out-distanced everyone on the stage and played as if she had been accustomed to the "legit" all her life. Singing, dancing, acting, mimicry are all one to her, and though there have been better musical comedies seen in London than "Love Laughs . . .!" it is doubtful if a better performance than Renee's has ever been seen in musical comedy

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THAT great nation the French, to whom our Western civilisation owes so much, do not readily perceive the artistic efforts of the odd barbarians outside their frontiers. Now and again, in the intervals of devouring human flesh, some Hottentot or Huron like Whistler manages to daub something really not too bad. The French, to do them justice, are the first to recover from natural surprise and encourage him—in Whistler's case by admitting the Portrait of the Artist's Mother actually into the Luxembourg; in the case of others, by hanging them in the foreign section of the Louvre, which is housed or segregated in the Jeu de Paume in the Tuileries Gardens. We mention this because of the singular case of Bernard Lintott, a British artist who has not only just been received into the Jeu de Paume but was actually invited by the French to give a one-man show at the Bignon Gallery beforehand. The British Ambassador opened it. We weren't there, squatting on the floor and making uncouth gestures of gratification, but the occasion seems to invite a congratulatory tiddle on the tom-tom.

Talking of which, Lord Lee of Fareham awakened old puzzlements in us when he opened the James Gunn portrait show at Knoedler's the other day. Lord Lee spoke of Posterity's being the final unerring judge of good and bad in contemporary art, among other things. But (we murmured to ourselves, scratching our head, all mazed like) a hundred years ago people were saying exactly the same nice comforting things about us—Posterity, the Judges, the Boys Who Know Their Onions. And do we? Hey? Have we justified that simple faith in us? What? Standing deep in thought before the masterly study of Sir Harry Preston and worrying terribly, we could have sworn that Harry Preston winked.

Is It Cricket?

A MAN who climbs mountains persistently assures us that the recent exploit of the two German Alpine climbers, Peters and Meyer, who have conquered the north face of the Grandes-Jorasses, is sensational; which we don't doubt for a moment. Our only feeling about it is that it's a dreary and inhuman way of passing the time, and we've often pondered over the pages of Whymper and other Alpine aces—including the Pope, who has also written a book on the subject—wondering what the idea was. To us the whole thing seems pure agony. (So, for that matter, does philately.) Add to the intense physical discomfort of scrambling up icy peaks and falling into chilly crevasses and being swept away by avalanches the extremely vulgar scenery of Switzerland, unendurable to a man of taste, and the enigma grows.

You get no really satisfying answer in Alpinists' books. They let themselves go, for the most part, on the thrills of overcoming perils, of breathing wine-like air, of standing alone on the heights, of conquering the hostile forces of Nature, etc., etc.; the sort of exhilaration an old lady from Wimbledon gets on climbing to the top of a bus. It doesn't satisfy us as an explanation. In our opinion, twenty per cent. of average mountain-climbers do it to escape from some woman, and the other eighty can't sleep either.

Heartache Department

A PHILOSOPHER we know who takes a gloomy relish in the growing imbecility of the age happened to be at Southampton when the Mauretania left on her last voyage, amid band music, the sobs of a crowd of thousands, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." He tells us it was pretty impressive and emotional, especially as 99.9 per cent. of the mob had never set foot in the Mauretania in their lives. He said the spectacle of eighty-five chosen guests of the Cunard-White Star joining hands on deck and moaning "Auld Lang Syne" was marred only by one obvious omission. The reddest and stoutest of them, he argues, ought to have leaped dramatically into the sea with devout gestures and sacrificed themselves by drowning. He thinks the Mauretania would have gone to her last rest comforted and happy after that crowning tribute to her sacred memory.

Another odd omission, in our own opinion, was that no frenetic offers of marriage were received by letter, cable, and telegram from 1875 complete strangers, male and female, some as far afield as British Columbia. We mean offers to marry the Mauretania, the captain, the owners, and the foreman of the breaking-up squad, to cite only the principals. Murderers and bandits and firebugs and financiers and everybody else appearing in the sensational news-columns invariably get these offers. Why not a great big unhappy ship doomed to die? If you object crustily that nobody would or could marry the Mauretania, we suggest you don't read the papers carefully. The ceremony could and would be

"Hmm . . . Chasin' that blonde again!"

"I want some bacon—you know, the kind that goes with liver"

performed by one of half-a-dozen publicity parsons either in a balloon or a diving-bell, the bridegroom's own romantic story would appear in the *Sunday Excess*, Auntie James Douglas would write a beautiful article on the Soul of a Big Ship, and seven million inhabitants of these islands would get heartache. Our own ache would be just a little further down.

Potion

THE discovery in a Syrian cave of a glass cup four-and-a-half inches high, alleged to be the authentic Holy Grail ("but the Rev. S. W. Gentle-Cackett was very guarded in the statement he made last night"), arouses interesting speculations. If this really is the vessel which inspired the great mediæval Grail cycles of Chrétien de Troyes and the Mabinogion and Malory and Wolfram von Eschenbach and the Queste del Saint-Graal—excuse our learning—and the others, it is a major relic indeed. But is it?

Arthur Machen, Celt and mystic, ought to be examining this question, not we. Better still, we ought to be discussing the Grail legend with Machen in his garden over a bowl of his famous secret punch, which is named Dog and Duck and is Big Magic. Two goblets of Dog and Duck are innocuous. The third starts the moon and stars wheeling round the sky and sets all the spheres a-jangle with ineffable music. After four goblets we have seen tough American publishers beating their breasts and revealing their passionate sex-life in a gush of tears. After five we have seen a scholarly contributor to refined weekly Organs of Opinion order a taxi and leap along beside it like a goat, explaining to the driver the mystical significance of the Vine in Rabelais. Nobody has ever probed the secret of the Machen brew. It is golden in colour and comes in a big brown earthenware pitcher, and some of the incantations necessary to its preparation come out of the Grand Grimoire in the library of the Abbey of Theleme. That's all we know about it, except its effects.

Djinn and Mixed

TALKING of magic liquors we had a note the other day—from a lady, by the handwriting—calling us everything for not knowing that the Arabic word "djinn" in the *Thousand and One Nights* is plural, not singular. Listen, lady: we didn't know, and we don't care. The Breeze of Criticism whistles unavailingly round the Trousers of Nonchalance, and the Mud of Animadversion impinges with little or no effect on the Eye of Imperturbability. However, we asked the one-eyed Arabian dwarf who guards our harem if knowing a little thing like that were of any importance. He said, "Better a handful of dried dates and content therewith than to be kicked on the ear by a milk-white camel in the Gate of Peacocks." We said, "Eh?" and he said, "You heard me," and we said, "What's it *mean*?" and he said grumpily, "*Arabian proverb*," and we

Force majeure

said, "Oh!" and he said, nasty-like, "Yes, and what about paying for them six Circassian bits of stuff you ordered last month?" The conversation then took an acrimonious turn of no particular interest, except to harem-keepers, so there we are.

Pecksniff in Excelsis

We shall be a little too old, people tell us, to propose marriage to one of the Dionne Quintuplets (with dowry) when the time arrives. Hence you can take it that pure disinterestedness inspires us to comment lightly on their present situation. They have been ruthlessly taken away from their parents' control to be saved by the State from "possible exploitation." Meanwhile we gather from an Ontario paper that the Quins are the biggest tourist asset the city has ever had, and the hospital authorities are now planning to exhibit them to the mob behind a glass screen. Incidentally, Mrs. Dionne was ordered off the babies' porch the other day by an ironfaced nurse. So what about the jolly old State now? Is it, by any chance, would you think, exploiting the Quins on its own behalf, or not?

Anatole France somewhere describes the bureaucratic State as "a disagreeable gentleman behind a pigeon-hole." To us, the bureaucratic State personified appears an overbearing, suspicious Victorian uncle, all creaking boots and brassy voice and bushy eyebrows; a bully, a hypocrite, a soulless clod, a beezle, and a yurp. Have at him, little ones!

Little Man, What Next?

We heard something else about Charlie Chaplin the other night—he wants very earnestly to play Napoleon in a film. Not for fun, but seriously. The Napoleon bug has bitten him, as it bites so many little business moguls in the City—we 've met a few—and to play Napoleon is now Mr. Chaplin's greatest longing, alas!

The most terrible little tin Napoleon we ever heard of used to carry on much worse than his model. Once at a dinner-party he was giving he didn't like one particular dish, so he threw it furiously on the floor. His serfs sat round in awe and trembled. At another party (we wish we 'd been there) he suddenly stopped the dancing and lined his guests up in platoon-formation, barking his orders briefly and furiously. A community-singing leader then appeared and they all had to toe the line and sing choruses, terrible, terrible choruses. Nobody jovially kicked his trousers. Nobody even told him quite calmly what he was, as the aged Pius VII. told Napoleon, his gaoler. Everybody sang, as Siegfried Sassoon has it in that lovely poem:

Everyone suddenly burst out singing
And I was filled with such delight . . .

The whole secret of this Napoleon-fixation is that books about Napoleon are too numerous, and many of them too easy to read. Apart from the ponderous full-length stuff of Masson and Houssaye and 154 others, there are now a dozen or more smaller works in simple English words of one or two syllables which do not tire the business brain. It mightn't be a bad idea to dump the more tiresome little Napoleons with all these books on St. Helena for a year or two and see how they get on.

"I hate to trouble you, gentlemen, but I have an idea"

One Week's Fun

Araya Selassi Haili, Abyssinian student, bites the end off his girl friend's nose. "No, no! Not revenge. . . . Just love, despair . . . !" (Chambéry, France, July 4th)

Bullfighting, brutal foreign sport, to be re-established in Uruguay by a syndicate "backed principally by British money." (Central News cable, Buenos Aires, July 3rd.)

Auntie Times apologises to Kurt Weill, composer of *A Kingdom for a Cow*, for using in her notice phrases referring to his music "which might have been understood to suggest a possible justification for his exile from Germany." (Friday, July 5th.)

Lord Castlerosse, explaining the general European situation to the children, remarks: "Foolish men will tell you that successful business men, and particularly financiers, always have a shady past." (*Daily Express*, July 3rd.)

Mr. Baldwin, unable to think of anything else, tells us for the eighty-ninth time what fine free fellows we are. (Empire Parliamentary Association luncheon, July 4th.)

The Bystanders.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 39.—C. E. M. Joad

I love a good thriller
With murders galore,
Plus kidnapping, doping,
And buckets of gore,
But C. E. M. Joad
Never writes for the mob
Who buy lurid fiction
At two bob a nob.

And so I 'm afraid that
I am not a man
Who 'll proudly proclaim he 's
A Joadian "fan."
But the hair-covered highbrows
Have often bestowed
Their praise on the theories
Propounded by Joad.

Involved economics
Don't lend themselves much,
To humour of treatment
Or lightness of touch,
And perhaps it 's as well,
For I 'm certain and sure
That mirth 's not expected
From Joad the Obscure.

B. W.

• FILMS of the DAY :

Lest We Forget

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"Call of the Wild"

Clark Gable and Loretta Young as the fur-encased hero and heroine of the excellent adventure film at the London Pavilion (but the real hero for half the audience is a dog, Buck). The film is based on Jack London's story, and is directed by William Wellman, who has done great things with the wild, snowy settings

SNOW, sleds, huskies, camp fires, saloons, guns, poker games, *gold* . . . such was the stuff that films were made of some decades ago. (The first ultimate preposition was Shakespeare's; the second, mine own.) *Call of the Wild* is in the old tradition. It is like opening a window in a stuffy, over-crowded room. It is like reading a bound volume of *Chums* in the Bodleian.

Try taking an anti-film fan—they do still exist—to trade shows for one week. The excitement, the vivid and obvious situations of a picture like *Call of the Wild* wipe out, with their impetus, the superiority complex.

THERE has been always—there will be always—a response to adventure. Bodily we may be bound to an office, to a kitchen, to a reception-room, but the mind of man and woman is illimitable and avid. Vicarious experience is the reason for the success of fiction. The lending library and the cinema are built on the corner-stone of mental adventure.

AND so *Call of the Wild*, Jack London's story about the gold rush of the 'nineties, becomes a West End sensation in 1935. Star appeal is negative. It could not matter, except on the posters, who stamped about in a fur cap, who postured in the snow, curled fringe and darkened eyelashes unruffled. Actually, we have Clark Gable and Loretta Young to charm us. But not for a moment do we believe them capable of enduring the tribulations they are called on to enact. It does not matter. It is a grand story. The best man, mentally and physically, wins.

And then there is a dog, an ugly, furry dog, of the St. Bernard-collie breed, vastly intelligent and appealing; and Jack Oakie, who is not surprising to people who have watched his versatility, but who has at last an opportunity for character-acting.

"BARCAROLE," at the Curzon, is a compromise between music and mummery. Offenbach's well-known melody is used to vindicate the title of a story about a love-affair in Venice. The carnival scenes are excellently done. Traditional episodes are cleverly introduced to influence the dramatic progress. But, quite honestly, the stars have not sufficient appeal to make their tragedy matter.

Edwige Feuillère is the Venetian wife of a Mexican whom she does not love. Pierre Richard-Willm plays the part of a young Lothario. The theme is whiskered. He makes a bet, with death as the stake, to seduce the virtuous wife. He succeeds, but has learned to love.

Edwige Feuillère is not very attractive. The part is tiresome, and she plays it in the ill-used manner. Richard-Willm is debonair in the Continental way. The best lines, at the beginning, are not translated in the English titles, perhaps wisely: the Censor might not have liked them.

THERE is a French film-actor whom English audiences like. He is Albert Préjean, the veritable hero of *Sous les Toits de Paris*. He is playing in *Flames on the Volga*, and has the heroic part of a Russian officer, condemned to death in a revolutionary outbreak, released because he once saved the life of the rebel leader. He saves the heroine, buys some flowers, and all ends well—presumably.

There is no opportunity for his verve. The film is banal to a degree. One can only regret the association of such a good actor with such inferior material.

My GOODNESS My GUINNESS

G.E.480.A.

Tatiana Riabouchinska

Ballerina of Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes

Riabouchinska — fair, oval-faced, and beautiful — is an original member of de Basil's company; she was fifteen when their first season opened in Monte Carlo. Her father was a merchant in Moscow, her mother was a dancer, she herself is a pupil of Kchessinska, famous Maryinsky ballerina, and made her début as a child prodigy with La Chauve-Souris. On the left she has been taken with her hair dressed as her grandmother used to do hers, a style Riabouchinska likes to adopt. The full-length picture of her is in "Le Mariage d'Aurore," in which she dances the Blue Bird pas-de-deux with the magical and breath-taking lightness that is her outstanding characteristic. She has a fey, unearthly quality about her, anyhow when she is serious, as in "Sylphides," and even when she is gay—as in "Scuola di Ballo," "Beau Danube," or the third movements of the two symphonic ballets—it is with a delicate, reserved gaiety as light as her movements. These pictures are third in the short series of ballet photographs now appearing in the "Bystander"

Photographs by Anthony

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Miss Vera Selsden

Was sketched at a Ritz lunch-party wearing a white linen suit embroidered in black, and a little black straw cap with wings

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey

Was in a party of Sidney Beer's one night, wearing black with big net sleeves, and a constellation in her long bobbed hair

Miss Vivien Leigh

Sketched at the party Nigel Tangye gave to celebrate his book, "The Air Is Our Concern." Vivian Leigh's "Mask of Virtue" performance is still one of the acting successes of the moment

Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira

Was at Lord Beaverbrook's party at Stornaway House, wearing a green dress with a posy of gardenias and one flower in her hair

Riot and Resource

Buck's Club's week-end at Le Touquet was, as usual, a riot.

Blood in the Casino shoe is a new idea, anyway, and if some of our best professional boxers have not been doing too well lately, the Dormouse Baronet is keeping up the prestige of the Old Country all right.

We would like to have seen another young man standing *on* the big table shouting "Banco! Banco!" at the top of his voice.

The dear old croupiers and "chefs de partis" were quite unable to persuade him to climb down, until Miss Celia Palmer, ever resourceful, told him there was a nice banco going cheap at a near-by table. We remember an occasion at a wedding when some peculiar female started shouting objections. Miss Palmer just snatched the woman's bag and walked away, the objector meekly following, like a donkey after a carrot!

The Brinsley Plunkets, Lady Warrender, Lord Elveden, the Kenneth Waggs, and Bobby Lowenstein were among others sighted around the Casino, the Hermitage, and the swimming-pool.

And one night there was a Buck's Club banquet at the Picardy, with Lord Sefton as host and all the golf competitors there in force and great form.

Busy as Ever

No signs yet of flagging energy in dining and dancing these broiling nights. The Carlton last Tuesday was packed out, parties large and small literally swarming in around eleven o'clock.

At a table for four, we noted Lady Massereene and Ferrard, Princess Hohenlohe, and Prince Paul of Greece, monocled and cool, despite a hot-sounding name.

Messrs. Cecil Gatti and John Hallett, advertising experts, were in a large party which included Rosemary Robertson, who is very pretty and is planning a return visit to America, and Liza Maugham, the daughter of the famous Somerset.

We are great admirers of Miss Maugham. She is quiet and intelligent, with great charm, beautiful manners, and a fascinating appearance. She is a very great friend of Dorothy Hyson (Mrs. Robert Douglas, that is), who got back from her honeymoon last week.

Sir Robert Throckmorton, Mr. John de Forest, and Robert Sweeny, Junior, were at another table that night. The news that the latter's brother, Charlie, was recovering from a sudden and serious illness was a great relief to his many friends.

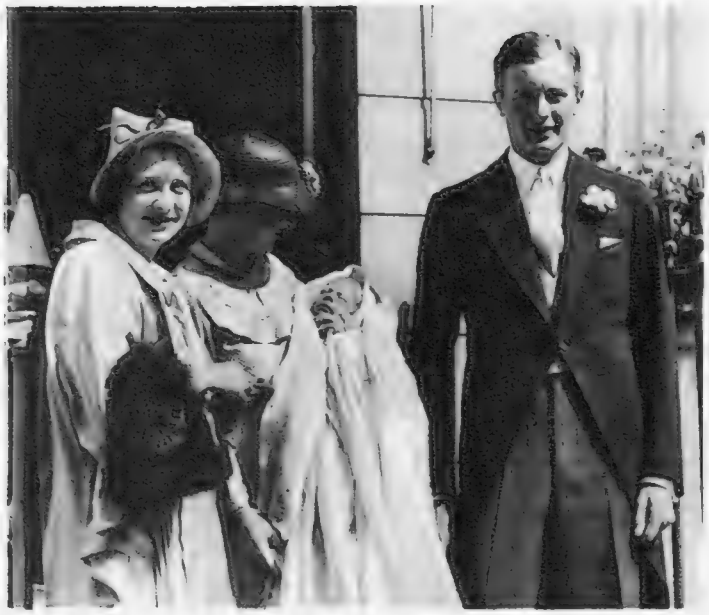
Princess Brinda of Kapurthala

The Crown Princess of Kapurthala was sketched at a cocktail-party in her amusing black satin be-feathered turban. She is very chic and looks almost more Parisian than Eastern

A "Milky Way" of Stars

By far the best item on the programme at the mammoth Cochran show at Grosvenor House last Wednesday was the chorus of stars. Think of Gladys Cooper, Adrianne Allen, Yvonne Arnaud, Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, John Gielgud, Noel Coward, and so on, and so on, prancing round in pairs.

It was almost too much for the gigantic audience, who yelled with



Christenings—The Rhys Baby—

Lady Anne Rhys and her husband, the Hon. David Rhys, and their son, Llewellyn Arthur, after the latter's christening at St. George's, Hanover Square, last week. He had Lord Mornington, David Colville, Niall Rankin, Lady Glentanar, and the Hon. Imogen Rhys as godparents

—And the Kenneth Thorntons' Son

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton's small son was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mrs. Thornton was Angela Brett before her wedding last year; she is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Maurice Brett, and Mrs. Maurice Brett (Zena Dare)

excitement. The bigger the better for Charles B. Cochran. Nothing in the entertainment line seems too colossal for him to tackle.

The new little star with the big film contract, Vivien Leigh, was a member of this star chorus. We have seen her out and about several times lately. A demure little figure, very quietly dressed, scarcely looking her nineteen years.

Congratulations to Mrs. Cunningham Reid and all concerned on the success of this enormous undertaking.

Lots of the Strong and Silent

SUNDAY in London in a heat-wave is pretty depressing, but Saturday can be very enjoyable if you take yourself to Hurlingham, as we did, to see the Inter-Regimental finals, when the Gunners played the 15th-19th Hussars.

Polo matches are like a meal at the Cavalry Club—strong, sunburnt, silent men, their Homburgs folded in a peculiarly flat way of their own; pretty women wearing their own complexions, and regimental badges in their hats. The schoolboys you see there are all going to be soldiers, the girls are their sisters and cousins, and (we hope) the future wives of their friends. It is the playground of the county more than that ever-widening circle known as Society, and, incidentally, the best bit of the backbone of England.

Taxi-Men of One Kind—

THERE would seem to be only two types of taxi-drivers in this city of ours. Very old, white-haired gentlemen, and dark, sinister young men who ought to be gangsters. The former drive creaking, decrepit vehicles that move at a snail's pace; they can neither see the number on the houses nor hear your shouted directions, and they have long since forgotten (if they ever knew) the district you are trying to go to. It is better never to ask for change, for if you do, they descend from their seat and proceed to undress on the pavement. From under a mass of coats, waistcoats, woollen what-nots, shirts and vests, they somehow unearth the sixpence you thought you had every right to, and hold it out in a quivering hand, and, because of their great age, they get it back and, rather fed up at your own weakness, you leave them proceeding to undress again in order to restore their fortune to its mysterious hiding place.

—And Another

THE other type we find more exciting, but terrifying—young, and invariably dark, with fast, new cabs, square shoulders, and a check cap pulled over one ear. They get you there in a flash. Behind a driver of this type, you feel you are taking part in a smash-and-grab by mistake, that you 'll be taken for a ride, and anything may happen to you. Their cabs are spick and span, and they drive like the wind. You never see a face, just one eye looking from under the peak of the cap, and a cigarette drooping from a lower lip. The eye winks as a sign that the address you have given will be O.K., and, as you climb in, off he dashes, and sends you sprawling before you can reach the seat. He also gets ninepence instead of threepence, from fear, not pity, and two short one-and-threepenny drives will cost you four shillings!

Why there are no pleasant, safe, thirty-to-forty-year-olds driving taxis, who don't look liable to die in their seats or kill you in yours, we wouldn't know.

Mayfair Film Company

THE ranks of film stardom are to be swelled by quite one of the most popular of all young Mayfairites.

Lady Caroline Paget, we learn, is going to make a film down Dorset way with John Sutro and Oliver Messell.

Completely unaffected and unspoilt, Lady Caroline makes friends wherever she goes, and is as pretty as she is charming. When we met her last week, she was making vague plans for an immediate holiday before tackling her new job. She was lunching, hatless as usual, in a party at the Ritz which included Lord Pembroke's two sons, Anthony and David, Mr. Jack Wilson, young, grey-haired, good-looking, and a charming brunette, unknown even to us.

Other People's Dogs

WHAT has happened to those snapping, yapping little animals known as Pomeranians? They were like miniature Chows, but with pointed noses, and they barked and barked and barked

Walker — Chandos-Pole

Gerald Walker, 14th-20th Hussars, son of Major and Mrs. J. B. Walker, of 25, Berkeley Square, and Margaret Ismay Chandos-Pole, daughter of the late Brig.-General Chandos-Pole, and Mrs. Chandos-Pole, of 37, Montagu Square, were married last Thursday at St. George's, Hanover Square

without pausing for breath. They were the boudoir pets and pests of twenty years ago, and were succeeded by the majestic Peke, whose throne is tottering now in favour of the little German sausage, the dachshund. We, who like dogs enormously and are still privately in mourning for a Sealyham who died ten years ago, tried to keep up a patriotic dislike of the engaging German, but its intelligence, good manners and natural charm got us down. Mrs. Cunningham Reid is one doting owner of a couple of dachshunds, Margaret Rawlings, that charming actress who is fated to play vamps, is another, Mrs. Barbara Walsh has a small black one called June.

Lt. Ian Gwynne-Evans and Miss Elspeth Collins

Ian Gwynne Evans is the elder son of Sir Evan and Lady Gwynne-Evans, of Oaklands Park, Newnham, Glos.; Elspeth Collins is the only daughter of Sir Godfrey Collins, M.P., and Lady Collins, of 4, Smith Square, S.W.1. They were married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Hers is "Soda"

Mrs. Ivor Back, whose first book, *Back-Chat*, is just out, is old-fashioned enough to keep a Peke, but one that weighs about two ounces, is called Soda, and is covered with beige fluff instead of hair. Barbara Back is slowly recovering from a motor smash—the horrid kind which smothers you with bruises, hidden strains, and delayed shock. Everyone says "How lucky you broke no bones and your lovely nose is intact!" and you feel worse and worse as time goes on and you realise how very serious it all was.

Say You're Sorry . . .

Perhaps it was the heat, or too many late nights, but there have been a good many rows and squabbles around the town just lately.

Why is it that the person who is in the wrong finds it so difficult to apologise? Why, if they *know* they have let you down, or done you a dirty trick, don't they say "I couldn't be more sorry," "I couldn't have behaved worse," and "I know I'm a louse," and all would be well.

But the defiant, unpleasant, take it or leave it attitude is *so* clumsy.

A sincere and heartfelt apology may be shattering to your pride for a few minutes, but if it means that your friends are still your friends, surely it is worth while.

We have all behaved badly some time or another, but we hope we have learnt to say, "I'm sorry, my sweet."

Impromptu and Good

Two very enjoyable and hastily arranged cocktail-parties were those given by Madame de Peña on Wednesday, and Lady Phyllis Allen on Thursday. The latter event was to say good-bye to the hostess's sister, Lady Diana Gibb, who is flying to Kenya for the sixth time (with no less than five suit-cases, twenty fellow-passengers, and thinks nothing of it!). The former party, thrown by Flo de P., was just the sort of marvellous impromptu entertainment we have learnt to expect. Someone said, "Florence gives better parties by mistake than other people give on purpose!"

In other words, she is a born hostess and revels in entertaining.

After a series of misadventures, including nearly dying of appendicitis herself, her son being nearly killed in a motor smash, and being badly burgled, Madame de Peña was in marvellous form, and her usual gay and decorative self.

In Lady Phyllis Allen's mews we met Lady Delamere, white flowers covering the peak of her "jockey" cap, Lord Michelham, bronzed yachting enthusiast, and Mr. John Hopwood, whose new line in gramophones has revolutionised our ideas of sound and rhythm.

And the Rest of the Evening

From there to the New Gallery to see the première of *Becky Sharp*, the new talking coloured film. Sponsored by Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, backed by the popular American sportsman, Mr. Jock Whitney, it was all very "George Arliss." His period, and men like him, but not quite. Extremely smart audience, Metcalfes, Lawson-Johnstons, Adrian Baileys, Whitney Straight, with lovely, pale fiancée, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, the Archie Campbells quite far back.

Then the Embassy Club, where we saw General Trotter, the Prince of Wales's A.D.C., dancing indefatigably. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Leigh supping alone (they like it), Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, on his way to the Duke of Norfolk's dance, Mrs. Kenelm Lee Guinness and Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, both in blue, in a parti carré with two dark, good-looking strangers, and the belle of the whole party, Mrs. Ivor Brice, a South American, wearing a lovely black-and-white "carioca-like" dress.—MISS PEEPS

Lord and Lady Maidstone

Viscount Maidstone, the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham's only son, and Countess Gladys Széchényi, daughter of the Hungarian Minister and Countess László Széchényi, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding which was yet another on last Thursday's list

Below: John Hastings James and Lady Ann Cole were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen and Irene, Countess of Enniskillen. Her sister, Lady Frances Cole, who has gone off to Finland in a windjammer, was one of her bridesmaids

John Hastings James and Lady Ann Cole

ACROSS THE NORTH SEA BY WINDJAMMER

Miss Ursula Wyndham and Lady Frances Cole, the Earl of Enniskillen's second daughter, are on their way across the North Sea as members of the crew of the Herzogin Cecile. They aren't allowed, by regulation, to go as passengers, so they signed on at a shilling a day, and so did Lord Bangor, Speaker of the Northern Ireland Senate, his daughter, the Hon. Margaret Ward, Miss Anne Yeames, and Miss Pat Hacking, who are all mad keen about ships and yachts and sailing. The Herzogin Cecile sailed from Belfast last week for Nystad, Finland; she is one of the most famous of the Finnish windjammers that sail home round the Horn from Australia in the great grain race

Dinah Grace

An Attractive Little German Who Dances at Grosvenor House

Photographs by Sasha

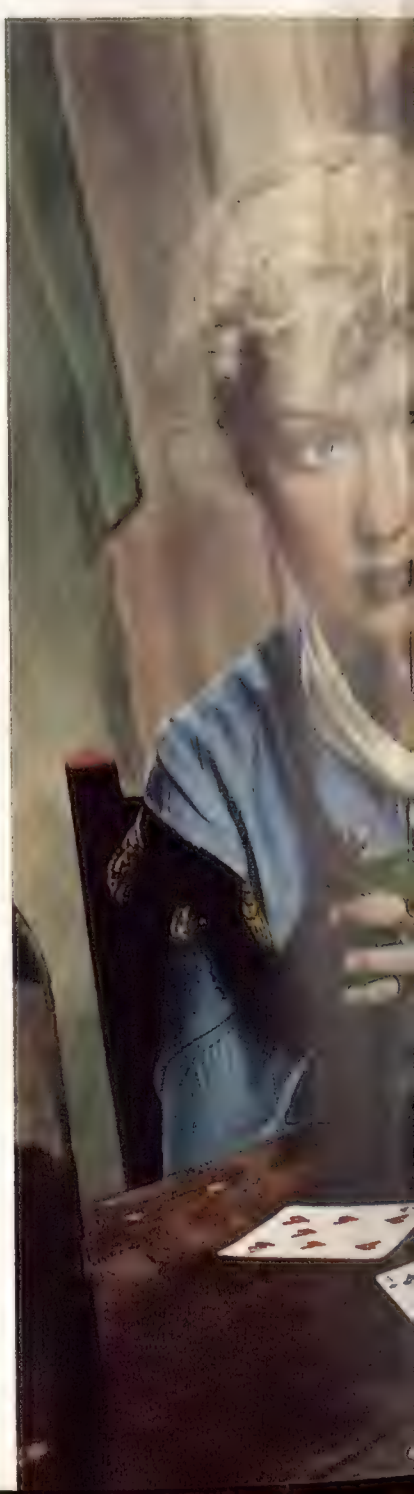
She is Nineteen, and a Good Dancer

Dinah Grace, who is supposed to be one of the loveliest girls in Germany—she has blue eyes, blonde hair, honey-coloured skin—has been doing her acrobatic dancing at Grosvenor House since the last version of the Monte Carlo Follies started. She came over here when she was fifteen as a ballet dancer in "White Horse Inn," has done film-work in Germany, and was given a test before she'd been in this country a week. Besides this, she owns and drives a Mercèdes, and knows and likes Hitler . . .

"Becky

A Colour Film
Classic at th

Rawdon Crawley (Alan Mowbray) and Becky Sharp (Miriam Hopkins)



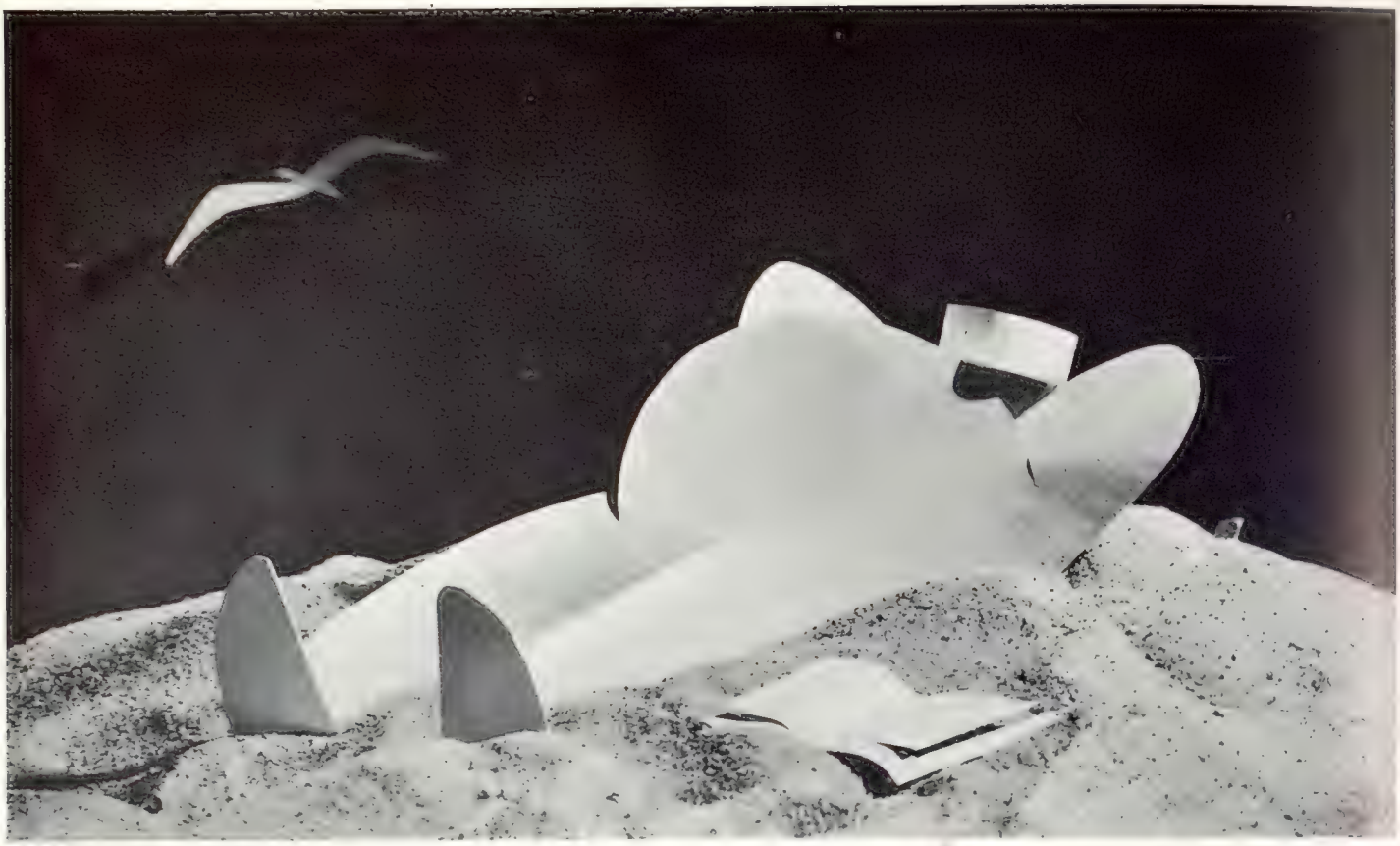
THE latest film version of "Becky Sharp" is from Langdon Mitchell's play, was directed by Rouben Mamoulian, and has been made by Pioneer Pictures by their new technicolour process which, the prophets say, is going to throw the film industry into as much confusion as the first successful sound-pictures did. Robert Edmund Jones, who was in charge of the colour direction, has evolved a new technique of lighting and design to go with the new process. Miriam Hopkins should make a piquante and witty Becky, just as Cedric Hardwicke is an impressive Lord Steyne, her protector and dupe. Alan Mowbray is husband Rawdon Crawley; Frances Dee is her friend, Amelia, and Nigel Bruce is Joseph Sedley, Amelia's foolish brother. The première of "Becky Sharp" took place at the New Gallery last Thursday, and was arranged by Lady Alexandra Metcalfe in aid of the Kennington Day Nursery

Sharp"

of the Thackeray
New Gallery

The Marquis of Steyne (Cedric Hardwicke) Presents His Account

Joseph Sedley (Nigel Bruce) and Becky



Holiday Sports — A Nice Siesta in the Afternoon, Sun

"I Do Like To Be Beside the Seaside"

Two Amusing and Topical Cartoons in Paper and Sand by Wladimir Bielkine

Holiday Sports — Flirtation Goes So Well With Sun-bathing

The End of Henley Until Next Year

The Sun Shone for Finals Day

Above: Sir Westrow Hulse, who was Eton and Oxford, talking to Miss Pat Hannen, an attractive debutante of 1934, and a niece of Nicholas Hannen, the actor

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Sebastian Earl and the Hon. Mrs. Ben Bathurst, whose husband is Lord Bledisloe's elder son and an ex-rowing man

Below: Mrs. James A. Glen (Marlyn Mawn on the stage), Lord Halsbury, and Miss Michelia Carpenter. Even the most ignorant can guess which are the important people at Henley by their schoolboyish but impressive little caps

Right: Miss Rosemary Finnis and Miss Patience Nicholl, debutante sister of Mrs. Rosemary Horlick and Pamela Nicholl

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Victor Malcolm walking round together on the last day of the Thames' annual entry into social life

These two are Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Gluckstein; besides being M.P. for East Nottingham, he is a rowing enthusiast

And these are two decorative ex-debs—Miss Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton and the Hon. Nadine Stonor

Tennis For Charity

Lady Crosfield's Annual Party In Aid of the Islington Infant Welfare Centre

Here are the two attractive Paravicini sisters — Jacqueline, as a spectator, in printed crêpe de Chine, and Livia, as a player, in egg-shell blue shorts and shirt

Left: G. Mako, the American Wimbledon player, walking round with the Hon. Mrs. Peter Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's Canadian daughter-in-law

Right: Mrs. Converse talking to Lord Fermoy, who's eating an ice; he played with Miss Bingham in the American doubles tournament

Above: Mme. G. Prenn, whose husband used to represent Germany in pre-Nazi days, and now plays for Poland, is with Captain R. Briscoe, M.P.; they both competed in the mixed doubles at West Hill

Right: Grace Lady Newborough, Miss Caroline Pinkerton, and V. Landau who, when he isn't playing star tennis, is the popular secretary of the Monte Carlo Country Club

S. B. Wood, the American star, and his attractive wife were there; she was one of those presented to the Duchess of York

Left: the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, who played with Miss Thelma Cazalet, and the Duchess of Westminster, who had the Monaco player, V. Landau, as partner. She was wearing one of the latest hat fantasies—a straw eyeshade that is a hat when it isn't an eyeshade

The Duchess of York Arrives

The Duchess of York was Lady Crosfield's guest of honour; here she is with her hostess on their way to watch the Perry-Austin and Wills-Moody-Victor Cazalet exhibition matches

View of the Courts at West Hill, Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's Highgate House

Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell and the Hon. Mrs. L. Gibbs sat in the shade between their matches

Below: Mrs. "Bunny" Austin, John Buckmaster, Gladys Cooper's son, and Mrs. Eileen Fearnley-Whittingstall watching the tournament

H. H. Morrice and E. N. Clifton (R.A.F.), who lost to T. Torrance and G. D. Hannay (Junior Carlton), finally beaten by Conservative

J. Beaumont Pease and the Hon. Thomas Coke (Turf). Major Guy Bennett, Sunningdale's secretary, is in the centre

W. D. Robinson and Dr. W. H. Lamplough (Badminton). They beat Captain J. R. Stroyan and R. S. Stroyan (Caledonian Club)

The Inter-Club Golf Competition for the Bath Club Cup at Sunningdale

More About Muirfield: By J. S. F. Morrison

When you hear or read that a certain player has done a certain score on a certain course, it does not convey very much to you unless you know the weather conditions prevailing at the time and have some knowledge of the course. It is obvious to anyone looking at the scores returned, that the conditions during the Open at Muirfield were good and that in the French Open Championship at Le Touquet, where S. F. Brews, South Africa, won with a score of 293, they were unfavourable.

At Muirfield, during both days of the qualifying rounds and the first day of the championship proper, mist inconvenienced the early and late starters and made the judging of distance difficult; but the wet greens made the putting easy to those who, like the winner, had the courage to strike their putts firmly. On the last day, the Friday, when the weather conditions made it possible to produce keen greens, the latter were not cut close enough; in fact, the whole way through the championship the really good putters would have benefited to a very much greater extent if the knives of the mowing-machines had been lowered.

In spite of the fact that the course in play measured 6806 yards, I did not notice a single occasion on which the good players could not reach the long holes in two shots, and on the Monday, A. Lees, professional to the Dore and Totley Golf Club, and the holder of the Yorkshire Open Championship, never required a wooden club through the green. The most difficult conditions were on the morning of the last day, when a strong breeze from the west made holes like the first (453 yards) and the fourteenth (458 yards) within the range of two shots only to those who had hit two really good wooden club shots; and yet it was on the Friday morning that Perry broke the record of the course with a round of 67.

The first hole played easy; this hole is very much more difficult when the ground is hard and the wind behind; in the conditions prevailing there was little difficulty in carrying the protecting bunker and stopping the ball near the hole.

As most golfers know, numerous bunkers, which served no good purpose except to exercise excessively the elderly golfer and inferior player, have been filled in. These are the types of golfers who should be given as much encouragement and assistance as possible.

The removal of two bunkers on the left of the eighth hole, which used to catch pulled tee shots, made this hole considerably easier to play.

The new thirteenth hole (153 yards) is certainly a good hole, but I do not think that it will ever be considered a great hole, as there is only one method of approach—namely, a high pitch; it seemed to cause the players the least trouble of the four one-shot holes, and there appeared little likelihood of anyone meeting with a major disaster. Kirkwood certainly did take six here; he exploded from bunker to bunker across the green no fewer than three times, and consequently had to play four of his six shots out of sand.

Most of the leading professionals with whom I spoke were of the opinion that the course generally was easier to play than it was when the last Open was played at Muirfield, in 1929, and won by Walter Hagen.

At every championship meeting reputations are made and marred. S. F. Brews, South Africa, who was allowed to play in spite of the fact that his entry was not received by the closing date owing to it having gone astray in the post, gained no advantage from the favour bestowed on him. He is usually a very good putter, but he could not find his touch on the greens and never appeared at his ease when playing the longer shots. Brews hits his tee shots much lower than the average good player, and would undoubtedly have done better if strong wind had been experienced.

When the Open was last played at St. Andrews, Percy Alliss forgot to send in his entry; by good fortune for him, one of the members of the Royal and Ancient Club was looking through the list of entries in the secretary's office in the evening before the closing date and noticed that Alliss's name was not on it; he immediately, on his own initiative, telegraphed Alliss, asking him if he wished to enter; Alliss was away from home, but his wife received the telegram and wired off his entry. Of course, in a story-book Alliss would have won, but what actually occurred was that he failed to qualify.

It is a strange coincidence that both Brews and Alliss, after being fortunate to find themselves on the list of competitors, should play very much below their proper form. Brews obtained some consolation for his poor display at Muirfield by winning the French Open Championship at Le Touquet.

Joe Kirkwood, late of Australia and now of U.S.A., also had a bad championship, as he tore up his card after playing only fifteen holes; he was out in 43, having been out of bounds, and a six at the short thirteenth caused him to lose further interest. Kirkwood is reputed to have stated that our Open is not sufficiently attractive, meaning that the prize money is not large enough; I think it was hardly the opportune moment to air these views just after having played so badly.

The Open Championship Cup is, without doubt, the most coveted golf prize in the world, and although the actual prize money (£100 to the winner) is certainly not substantial, the indirect perquisites are enormous. Hagen said, the minute he knew that he had won his first Open at Royal St. George's, that it was worth £6000 to him at that moment; while Sarazen, after his win at Prince's, estimated his earnings for the coming year at a considerably higher figure.

It was pleasing to see this year good performances by young players. W. J. Branch, who is assistant to his father at Henbury, gained ninth place with a total of 294, and P. B. Lucas, who is in his first year at Cambridge, led the British amateurs with a total of 300, and should have been very much better, as he took 81 for his last round.

A. H. Padgham was second, four shots behind the winner; he is always very near, and it surely must be his turn to win in the next year or so.

"Handsome Is as Handsome Does!"

True; but when a car is as good as it looks, costs so little to buy, is so moderately taxed, so inexpensively insured, and consumes next to nothing in the way of fuel, lubricants and tyres . . . You can afford to forget proverbs.

The DE LUXE FORD (Tax £7. 10s.) is a picture, and behaves like the thoroughbred it looks; and is. Inside and out, top to bottom, radiator-badge to tail-lamp, it is worthy of the finest motor car factory in Europe.

Ford

De Luxe Ford *Saloon* - **£135** *Double-Entrance Saloon* - **£145**

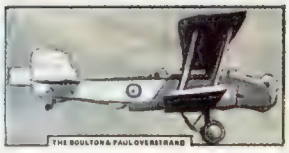
Literature on Request * *Prices at Works* * *Dealers Everywhere*

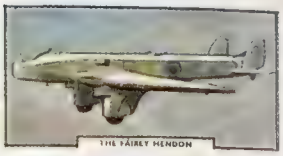
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

THE SHORT R.24/31

THE SHORT SINGAPORE III

THE SUPERMARINE SEAGULL V


THE BOULTON & PAUL OVERSTRAND


THE FAIREY HENDON

THE D.H. COMET

THE D.H. EXPRESS AIR LINER

THE WESTLAND HILL PTERODACTYL V

THE MONOSPAR ST. 11

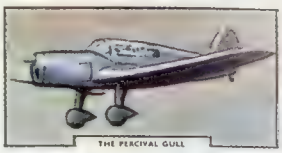
THE PERCIVAL MEW GULL

THE ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH XV

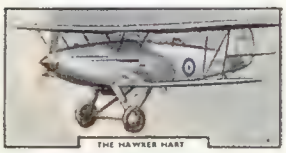
THE ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH SCIMITAR

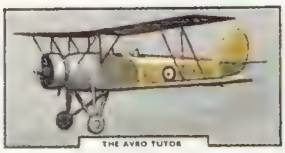
THE HAWKER SUPER-FURY

THE HANDLEY PAGE HEYFORD


THE PERCIVAL GULL

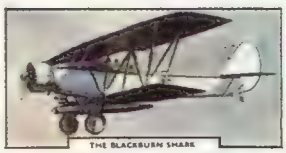
THE SARO CLOUD


THE HAWKER HART


THE AVRO TUTOR

THE AVRO COMMODORE

THE AIRSPEED ENVOY


THE BLACKBURN SHARK

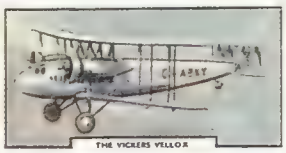
THE BRITISH KLEMM EAGLE

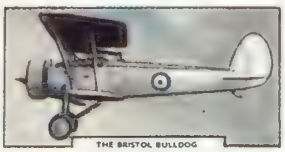
THE AVRO 643

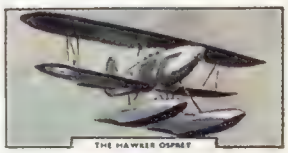
THE GLOSTER GAUNTLET

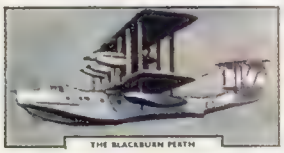
THE MILES HAWK-MAJOR

THE HANDLEY PAGE 42


THE VICKERS VELLOX


THE BRISTOL BULLDOG


THE HAWKER OSPREY


THE BLACKBURN PERTH

THE HAWKER NIMROD

THE SUPERMARINE SCAPA

THE WESTLAND WALLACE

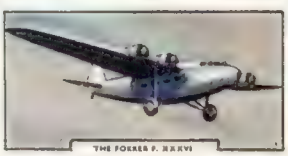
THE SPARTAN CRUISER

THE FAIREY SEAL

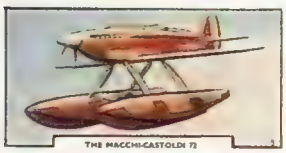
THE WIBAULT 283T

THE DOUGLAS DC-3

THE HEINKEL No. 71


THE FOKKER F. XXXVII

THE JUNKERS Ju 52


THE MACCHI-CASTOLDI 72

THE BOEING 247D

THE SIKORSKY S. 42

THE SAVOIA-MARCHETTI S. 55

THE DORNIER WAL

THE C. 30 AUTOGIRO

THE D.H. LEOPARD MOTH

THE VICKERS VILDEBEEST

THE AIRSPEED COURIER

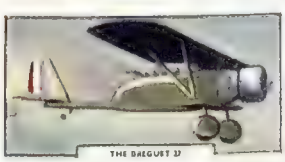
THE MARTIN BOMBER

THE D.H. DRAGON-SIX

THE FAIREY FOX

Making Young England Air-Minded

Messrs. Godfrey Phillips Limited are to be congratulated on the topical and most interesting series of cigarette cards now being issued through the "tens" and "fives" packets of De Reszke "Minor" cigarettes. In an attractive set of 54 cards are illustrated types of machines in current use by Britain and foreign countries. On the back of each card are a number of informative technical and general details and—a novel feature—a "worm's eye" view, in silhouette, of the machine, enabling you to recognise it at a height. The series enables the younger generation in particular to take an intelligent interest in the various types of aeroplanes and their characteristics.


THE BREGUET 27

THE CURTISS HAWK

Golf in the Highlands

A quartette of lady golfers at the Atholl Palace sundial, showing Mr. Jordan instructing the small daughter of Mrs. Loch—a former winner—in the reading of a sundial. Also in the group are Miss Margaret Macdonald, Miss Doris Park, Mrs. Loch and Miss N. Nicoll

Women's Golf:

North Again

By Eleanor E. Helme

A Yorkshire Champion

Miss Mary Johnson, Yorkshire Champion in 1932 and 1934 and a runner-up in the English Championships in 1933 and 1934, who has just become engaged to Mr. John Toogood, of Hornsea. It is the worst of bad luck that Miss Johnson fell and broke her leg in two places last week, and in consequence, she cannot play for some time

DEAR BYSTANDER,

A FEW weeks ago, you were promised some more about golf in the Sheffield district. Not an exhaustive survey of every club there, for there are many; and I cannot imagine a quicker way of getting myself disliked than by attempting to tell you which is the finest, or where you should, or should not, go to enjoy yourself. Nor can I describe the Yorkshire Handicap Challenge Bowl Meeting, which has just taken place over one of them—Lees Hall—a great many other things keeping me in London. Miss Meggitt (Hallamshire) won, playing from 16 handicap, and beating Miss Collinson (Lees Hall) by 3 and 1 in the final. A stout performance, since she had qualified.

But there was so much that had to go unsaid about Hallamshire, owing to that horrible bugbear, "pressure on space," so that I could only tell you barely what happened to force Yorkshire and Lancashire into a tie and replay, and nothing at all about a course which has so much that is unique about it. The extraordinary conditions added to the uniqueness. I never remember watching golf before with the street lamps alight at midday, and cars passing with their lights on—if you could see so far as the road, which was more than doubtful, as the fog reduced visibility at times to thirty yards. Nor at such a height above sea-level, excepting only Cockermouth and Fereneze. Hallamshire is so many odd feet above nine hundred that it is almost truthful, and much briefer, to talk of it as a thousand.

AND through all the fog, the larks sang. There were no blithe spirits down below, but the birds made up for it, as if trying, together with those fine bushes of red may beside the third tee, to keep up a semblance of summer, however cold and drear the humans were finding it. I found it a most extraordinary sensation to start out in search of the first couple of Lancashire and Yorkshire, not knowing or seeing the course, guided only by the direction of the tee-boxes, and subsequent brushings of the wet off the grass by the feet of those I sought. When I found them, it was equally uncanny to see the caddie point out a direction where nothing at all was visible except a wall of damp mist, and then watch Miss Corlett or Miss Mary Johnson hit the shot; still more extraordinary to find how often that finished near the pin, for they were getting out in the thirties. Though it lifted a little in the afternoon I could not see much of the course that day, beyond an impression of height and stone walls, which was not dispelled the next day when I could see more. Out of bounds to the right of the second and third hole is a sheer drop of, I suppose, at least a couple of hundred feet into the valley below; roads and animals and human beings down there look mere pigmies. You do not go up and down here, but you do climb up and down a great deal in the course of the round, and some of the greens sit far above you, while to others the fairways roll down in great sweeps.

And the stone walls. To a Southerner particularly they make a great impression. None actually cross the course, mercifully for the safety of all concerned, but they skirt it everywhere. Stone is the material nearest to hand up there, and so tees are built up out of the hillside on a foundation of it, steps up to those tees, or to plateau greens, or up and down any bank, are of solid stone; and the 16th green is flanked by the frowning walls of a disused stone-quarry, that rich, dark stone so typical of the West Riding. The converted farm-house and its natural rock-garden beside the ninth tee show you the stone at its best; it is good stuff in the right place, and presuming always that you do not hit it, of which there is not really much fear at Hallamshire.

What there is fear of is inability to cope with the problems of the course. It is not over-bunkered, the committee have been wise in that, and both fairways and greens are excellent; but the slopes take a bold heart and a good golfer to deal with them successfully, and I am told that a still day is a rarity up there. I can believe it. Under any circumstances, the 13th must be a particularly fine hole, with something almost seaside about its conformation; the 7th is a short hole of deceptive distance, from one hillside to another, which one would never grow tired of tackling; and the 18th, with its big diagonal bunker for the second shot, is as bold a finish as heart could wish.

I HEAR that a thirteen-year-old who is going to make a first Girls' Championship appearance this year—Jean McIntyre—can get over it in two under summer conditions, so we are evidently to have yet another long hitter added to the many others at Stoke in September.

The entry form for that, by the way, will appear in next week's BYSTANDER. I must not start about it now, for there is still the latest addition to Sheffield's courses to tell you about: Firbeck Hall, to the south-east of it. My colleague, Mr. John Morrison, has laid it out, which is sufficient guarantee of its merits, but I have to own that I did not play or even walk over it. It was late in the evening when I got there; rain was coming down in buckets; he had only just arrived up from London, I was on my way there; a look at the club-house, a crane of the neck out of the windows was all there was time for. It looked the pleasant type of park-land that is found at Brocton Hall; a stream meanders its way through, or beside, some of the out-going holes, and there is a full-size pond guarding the ninth green, which is under the club-house windows.

As for the club-house, it is the last word in modern country club-ism, inserted into the beautiful shell of an old-world house. From lovely shaped rooms, furnished in the very latest way for comfort and pleasure, you look out of immense windows on to a charming garden and the swimming-pool. Besides the course, there are hard courts and grass courts. An aerodrome is being built—there is no game and few sports which you cannot have at Firbeck. It is all so magnificent, I felt a little bewildered. It was such a sudden transition from the businesslike hard-headedness of Sheffield, the unsophistication of the peaceful little village outside its gates. That is probably the very reason why it will be a huge attraction in a neighbourhood which has nothing quite like it.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Lawn Tennis Letter

Von Cramm and Others

By "Passer-By"

A Well-Fitting Pair

Miss Freda James and Miss Kathleen Stammers, who won the Ladies' Doubles at Wimbledon, leaving the Centre Court after defeating Mme. P. Mathieu and Mme. Sperling in the final. As both these English girls have been chosen to represent Great Britain in the Wightman Cup, they will doubtless be one of the British pairs

Tales of Hopman

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hopman, of Sydney, the only husband and wife playing in the Mixed at Wimbledon. They reached the final round there, but were eventually beaten by Perry and Miss Round in a three-set match

DEAR BYSTANDER,

TIME has written no wrinkle on Wimbledon; it was a hale and handsome meeting in every way. Weather luck held; only one day out of twelve was hampered by rain. The crowds were thicker than ever, even more so in mid-week, when most men are supposed to be City-tied; the Queen came down on two successive days; the world and his wife were round the Centre Court. The British Empire won four championships, and the finals made lawn tennis history.

You have heard and read much about Fred Perry and Mrs. Moody, the winners of the two singles championships; very little about Baron Gottfried Von Cramm, the runner-up to Perry and the first German to reach the last stage at Wimbledon. He is an Hanoverian, born almost twenty-six years ago in the little village of Nettlingen. Like the late Anthony Wilding, to whom he bears some physical resemblance, he was reared in the country. Educated privately, he took his baccalaureate in 1928, and then came to Berlin to study law. Roman Najuch, the Polish professional, gave him his first lawn tennis lesson at the Red White Club; later, his talent having been detected, he was developed by the Kleinschroth brothers, pre-war German players at Wimbledon.

His first well-known victim on the courts was Junior Coen, an American protégé of Tilden. Then he won the German University championship. Two years later his progress seemed to stop. He could win only four games against George Lott in Paris and was beaten by Perry at Wimbledon. Then he began to flower. Tournaments were won at Athens and Wiesbaden; he was first in the New Generation tournament in Berlin, restricted to players under twenty-five. In 1932, although defeated by Boussus at Wimbledon and in Berlin by Menzel, he claimed nine out of twelve Davis Cup matches, his scalps including those of Shields and Austin. For the past three years he has held the championship of Germany.

VON CRAMM uses a British-designed racket, 13½ oz. in weight. It has a special frame with a very small handle, because the upper joint of his right-hand index finger is missing. As a child he had offered a lump of sugar to a horse—its "Thank you" remains with Von Cramm. Tilden also has a missing finger-top on his playing hand, and it is not a little curious that the young German, in later years, should have sought advice from the veteran American in the improvement of some of his strokes. It was Tilden who taught him the slow swing-back for the service and advised him not to waste too much power over the delivery of the second ball; and it was "Big Bill" who helped him to reconstruct his backhand drive.

This stroke, by the way, is not yet quite error-proof. The racket-head is too perpendicular, the knees are not adequately bent to give the firmest control to direction. There is still too much slice on Von Cramm's backhand. This was why, producing the stroke as he does, he was indisposed to volley more in his great match with Fred Perry. Magnificently as the German drove from the back of the court, his speed, as the event proved, was merely increasing Perry's speed, with the disadvantage that the Englishman, covering court more rapidly, had too many counters for his brilliant adversary. If Von Cramm had been a finer volleyer, I think he would have secured one of the two sets which his splendid service and drives deserved to gain.

As it was, his display in the final would probably have prevailed over any other competitor in the tournament except the champion. It is to Perry's infinite credit that he raised his game to meet the German's superb challenge. The actual score may not have induced the excited speculation of the Vines-Crawford match two years ago, but the contest was conducted at a faster pace, registering the tendency of the time for more speed. It was a delightful struggle to watch, because both men threw into it every ounce of energy they possessed; their demeanour was worthy of the best traditions of Wimbledon. Even the five net-cords which came the champion's way were accepted by the German without a sign.

MRS. MOODY'S eighth championship match, which gave her the title for the seventh time, will go down to history as the tensest and most dramatic women's final ever seen on the Centre Court. Its nearest parallel—and there, too, the loser was within a point of victory—was the first challenge round after the war, when Mrs. Lambert Chambers defended her title against the young French invader, Suzanne Lenglen. But women move quicker over the court a decade and a half later; their service has gained in speed: they scramble more. I preferred the style of Mrs. Lambert Chambers to that of Miss Jacobs; the former never used the chop, which is the American's bulwark on the forehand. The match of 1919 had more by-play and perhaps more colour than its successor; you were never quite sure whether the child from Picardy, her father gesticulating violently from the stands, was going to stay the course. In the encounter between the "Two Helens," the stolidity of the two players, their unemotional tenacity, and their concentration was the great feature. You were sorry, since tennis heroines are made of flesh and blood, that both could not triumph; and if you came away from the hectic battle with the conviction that Mrs. Moody's strokes were a better model for aspiring champions to follow, it was the stubborn resistance of Miss Jacobs, playing against odds, so it seemed, all the time, that elicited and deserved the admiration of the crowd. I think we may take off our hats to both of them.

JACK CRAWFORD had not had the best of luck in the singles; everybody was delighted when he won the doubles championship with Adrian Quist. They, too, like Mrs. Moody, came within a point of defeat in the final round. It was Crawford who made the salving shot. Yet the chief honours must go to Quist—or "Cards," as he is sometimes called, because of his initials, A. K. Q. He was brilliant overhead throughout a fluctuating five-set match.

Australia had a good Wimbledon. They only won one title, but Vivian McGrath put out America's No. 1, Miss Joan Hartigan defeated England's No. 1, and Harry Hopman and Mrs. Hopman reached the final of the mixed doubles by superlative combination.

PASSER-BY.

Feminine Angle

What Women Do All Day

Left: Miss Peggy Johnson, Mrs. Everard Gates, and Mme. Paul Dubonnet were at Mrs. Cunningham-Reid's enormous tea-party in connection with the Mammoth Cabaret and Ball last week. Mrs. Everard Gates and her air-minded husband have just moved into a country house near Sandown

Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell was photographed at lunch at the Ormond Lawson-Johnstons' flat. She is a Canadian, and was Georgie Dobell

Left: Miss Irene Cholmondeley, Lord George Cholmondeley's daughter, Miss Ursula Horlick, and Miss Elizabeth Duval were at one of the innumerable charity engagements that fill the mid-season afternoon. Elizabeth Duval is a New Yorker who is doing her first London season

Above: Miss Pamela Nickols, Mrs. Rosemary Horlick's sister, and Miss Diana Bethell sat side by side and listened to "Madam Chairman." Diana Bethell is the dark and lovely daughter of Captain Adrian Bethell and the Hon. Mrs. James Beck

Left: two more nice-looking girls on afternoon duty were the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller and Miss Diana Carlos Clarke, who is already "placed" as one of the prettiest of the 1935 debutantes

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

New and Queer: By A. G. Macdonell

It is rather difficult to believe that *Innocence and Design* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is really Mr. Richard Waughburton's first novel, for it is contrived and put together in such an apparently practised manner. But such is indeed the case. It is Mr. Waughburton's first. The central core of the book is easy to describe; the surrounding complications are not. For the author is full of such tumultuous imagination and such a flowing tide of descriptive writing and such an irrepressible wit, that the frills, so to speak, are voluminous and often almost fantastic. Sir Constantine Bruce, a baronet of wealth, eccentricity, and æsthetic tastes, sets out for the Middle East in search of architectural inspiration for his new house. He takes with him his housekeeper, Mrs. Poach, and off they go. Naturally, the diplomats, the General Staffs, the concession-hunters, and the espionage systems of three great countries, all passionately interested in the Middle East, refuse to believe in the authenticity of Sir Constantine's reason for visiting the State of Media. Everyone assigns sinister, and all different, motives for the visit, and the unfortunate travellers are soon plunged into a web of international intrigue. Being simple souls, they remain completely unaware of it from beginning to end, and even hairbreadth escapes from assassination leave them unconscious and unmoved. They return in triumph with the all-important architectural designs, and serenely set to work upon the building of such a mansion as England had not seen "since Fonthill was destroyed by the fall of its own tower."

Michael Fessier

Author of "Fully Dressed and In His Right Mind," his first novel, reviewed on this page

"Innocence and Design" has three main features. Firstly there is the very obvious architectural knowledge of Mr. Waughburton. Secondly there are his really very splendid descriptions of Persia and the Middle East, which could only have been written by one who has travelled extensively in those parts (and again I am staggered at such sure mastery over words as is displayed by this tyro). And thirdly there is the brilliant satire that is implicit in every page of the book. Officialdom, human stupidity and vanity, pseudo-culture, cynical corruption, the alleged blessings of Western civilisation—all these and many others are torn to tatters by the swift and subtle irony of Mr. Waughburton. And the irony is continued in the amusing black-and-white sketches with which the book is freely endowed. Presumably, they are also the work of the author. Mr. Waughburton's second novel will be awaited with feverish impatience by all who are sensible enough to read his first.

Mr. Nils Petersen sprang into fame in England with his *Street of the Sandalmakers*. He has followed this up with a book about the Irish troubles called *Spilt Milk* (Lovat Dickson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), or, rather, about that part of the troubles which came after the signing of the Treaty. The tragedy of Irishman against Irishman is Mr. Petersen's lament, and he has made a powerful and interesting story out of it. But he has not made it more powerful or more interesting than a score of others on the same subject. The truth is that novels about the troubles practically write themselves. The tragedy and the ghastly murders are there for anyone to pick up and use, and the tale of brother fighting brother is as moving and as terrible to-day as it was outside the Garden of Eden when the tiller of the ground slew his brother, the keeper of sheep. I am not saying that *Spilt Milk* is not a good book. But I am complaining that a man of Mr. Petersen's calibre has not produced a better one, considering the opportunity which his subject presents. A jarring note is the author's occasional abandonment of fiction for political attacks on President de Valera, not because he is wrong or right to attack de Valera, but because it is bad art.

"Fully Dressed and In His Right Mind" (Gollancz; 6*s.*) is the first novel of Mr. Michael Fessier. It is short, but, by Heavens! it is weird. In fact, it is just about the most peculiar tale I have ever read. The scene is modern San Francisco; the teller of the tale is a young, well-to-do, semi-drunken idler, and the story seems to me, after a vast deal of puzzled cogitation, to be about a battle between a water-nymph and Death for the young man's life. I may be quite wrong, but that is how it seems to me. Death is a malignant, green-eyed old man who swears a false charge of murder against the youth. The water-nymph (or she may be Artemis, or Ashtaroth) goes to the old man and conquers him in a desperate encounter of wills, and he vanishes and the district-attorney's murder case collapses for want of its principal witness. The young man is released, and for a week the nymph becomes a real woman. But after a week she imperceptibly slips back into nymphhood and disappears into her lake and the book comes to an end. The best thing would be to read this book for yourselves and form your own opinion of it. You may like it or dislike it. But I can assure you that you will never have read anything resembling it before. And I can only conclude by saying that the title is as queer as the book. At no time does the young man appear to have been in his right mind, and hardly ever was the nymph even partially, let alone fully, dressed.

"The Druce-Portland Case" (Duckworth; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is a short account by Mr. Theodore Besterman of the astonishingly sensational sequence of events in which certain people tried to prove that the fifth Duke of Portland had lived a double life as a tradesman in Baker Street called Druce. The sensations started with an unbalanced woman, and ended in a mass of perjury. It was one of Mr. Avory's most important cases, as he was briefed for the defence in the first, and critical, perjury case, and in a brilliant cross-examination he completely demolished the chief witness for the prosecution. The prosecuting counsel, after the cross-examination, repudiated his chief witness, who thereupon fled the country to escape a perjury charge himself and died shortly afterwards in an American asylum.

Theodore Besterman

Whose history of "The Druce-Portland Case," has just been published by Duckworth's, and is reviewed this week

As a sensation, the Druce-Portland case equalled the Tichborne case, and the amount of money involved—a matter of about sixteen millions sterling—was vastly larger. And the strange thing about it was that it was ultimately settled by the opening of Druce's coffin in Highgate, by permission of his son, Herbert Druce, who had spent eleven years and thousands of pounds in a strenuous resistance to the opening. If he had agreed to it eleven years before, there would have been no Druce-Portland case.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

The vogue for tailored lines has never been so pronounced as it is this summer, when spotted taffetas and printed crêpe-de-Chine are made into classically cut coats and skirts. The model on the right may be seen in the ensemble department on the ground floor at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and is ideally suited for Goodwood. The coat is in check tussore silk, the colours being yellow and white on a navy-blue ground. A white frock in matt crêpe accompanies it. This has pleated sling sleeves and a wide navy-blue suède belt with gold hooks. Its main interest lies in the back, which is pleated on either side and piped with navy blue down the centre and round the hem

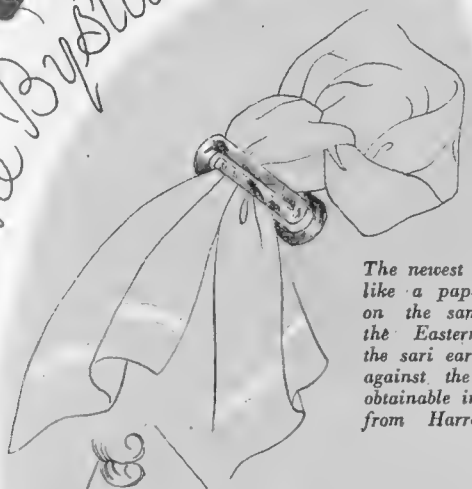
The Triumph of the Blouse

For many years past blouses have been sadly eclipsed, and it is only recently that they have really come into their own again. Short sleeves prevail at the moment, but they will gradually lengthen as the autumn draws nearer. The three shown on this page may be seen at Woolland's, Knightsbridge. Pink georgette with a drawn-threadwork design makes the one at the top left-hand corner. It is entirely hand-made, with a shirred cape collar, and is available in duck-egg blue and ivory. The one above is in silk plaid organdie with a basque and becoming butterfly jabot edged with pleated frilling. Equally charming is the lace one on the left, which is tucked in at the waist and has a softly draped jabot down the front. There are, of course, many others, including shirt blouses in striped or plain silk, also taffeta interwoven with metal. These are destined for summer wear

Photographs by Lenare

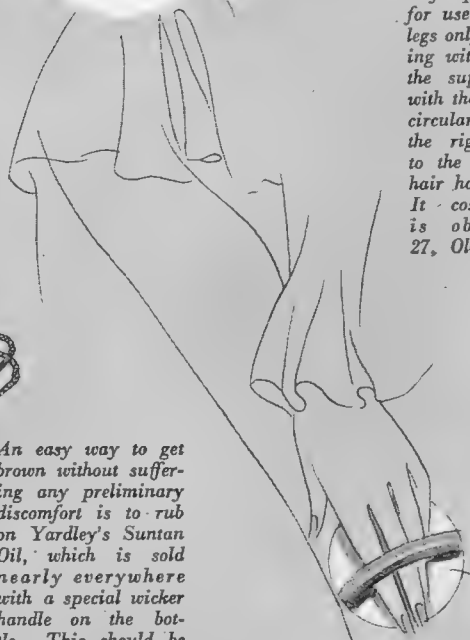
The Bystander Twins in search of novelties

discovered by peta; pictured by pam.

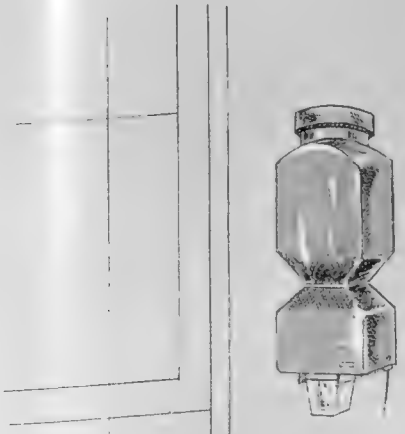


The newest scarf pin is shaped like a paper-clip and worked on the same principle. For the Eastern type, there are the sari earrings which lie flat against the cheek. They are obtainable in chromium or gilt, from Harrods, Knightsbridge

The Laleek "Hair-a way" pad is designe for use on arms an legs only. After dus ing with powder, ru the superfluous ha with the pad, using circular movement the right and the to the left, until th hair has disappeare It costs 1s., an is obtainable 27, Old Bond Stre

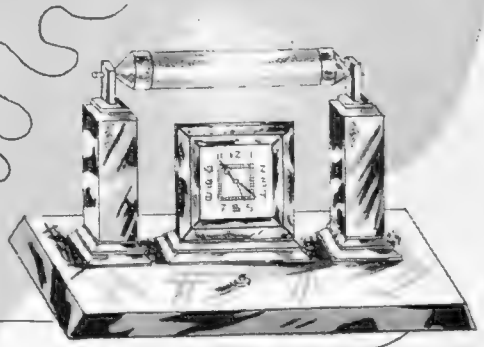


An easy way to get brown without suffering any preliminary discomfort is to rub on Yardley's Suntan Oil, which is sold nearly everywhere with a special wicker handle on the bottle. This should be done before bathing



The labour-saving coffee-mill on the left is fitted with an electric grinder. It can be plugged into any ordinary electric light circuit, and may be seen at Harrods. Also the electric clock below, which combines a reading lamp and ensures correct time. It is chromium-plated with bakalite pillars and luminous hands.

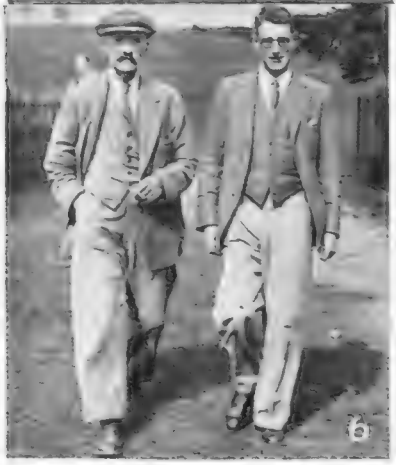
The new Ringleader lead can be shortened at a moment's notice by slipping a finger through the centre ring. In patent and bridle leather, it is obtainable in a variety of colours from Derry and Toms, Kensington High St.



Golf Clubs at Home

Llandrindod Golf Club, Llandrindod Wells

(1) A. M. Stewart (vice-captain), Captain J. R. Nelson (secretary), and Colonel Wood Martyn, D.S.O. (2) J. Watkins (committee-man) and E. E. Howard. (3) W. D. Phillips and E. C. Jones. (4) J. Richards and E. Bryan Smith (ex-committee-man). (5) D. A. Barnes and D. T. Evans (committee-man). (6) W. Wilding and A. W. Bunnage. (7) F. G. Dalton, Tom Norton (committee-man), and L. E. Jones. (8) D. J. Mills and L. W. Bryant



HERE'S a recipe worth trying some sultry summer evening. Escape from town . . . . . drive through the countryside to Bray. There, on the riverside lawns of the Hotel de Paris, you will find the right ingredients: supper in the cool night air . . . . . and the perfect refreshment of Whitbread's clear Pale Ale.

BREWED AND BOTTLED ONLY BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1.

I.P.S.

Below: at Croydon—Sir Percy MacKinnon (right), Chairman of British Continental Airways and well known on Lloyds, of which he has been Chairman five times, talking to General A. Nyssens, Military Attaché at the Belgian Embassy

Above: at Heston—Dr. Francis Allen, of Harley Street, with Miss Pamela Wildman and Mr. Norman Shelley, both of whom are known in the B.B.C. drama, "Tiger Standish"

The Flying Club Season

By Charles Ward

From Yorkshire to Heston

SHERBURN is in-Elmet—and also in some of the safest country for flying to be found anywhere in England. I am thinking of the novice, who likes to see open fields beneath him when making his first solo effort. The York County Aviation Club has its headquarters at Sherburn, being the successor to the Yorkshire Flying Club, which moved to Yeadon, the city airport for Leeds and Bradford, when that site was opened for public use. The County Club has as its President Major-General Sir Llewellyn Atcherley, father of the Atcherley brothers, both of whom are Flight-Lieutenants in the R.A.F., and like the brothers Russell, difficult to distinguish apart. On Friday, the 19th, the York County Club is holding a Summer Ball at the aerodrome. Cocktails are promised from 9 to 9.15 p.m., with dancing, and probably other drinks, from 9.30 p.m. until 2.50 in the morning. At Heston, members of the Airport Club are promised their own room, with a private refreshment bar, which will be a distinct advantage, as present accommodation is used by everybody around the place. Members are reminded that the squash courts are open for those who are energetic enough to play during tropical weather, and a professional is in daily attendance.

At Brooklands and the Cinque Ports

THERE is always plenty of activity at Brooklands. London Film Productions are busy with a flying "epic," Raymond Massey and a Hawker "Hart" taking the principal parts. The School provided the local police with a 'plane for one of these topical "man-hunts." The only suspicious-looking character who was pin-pointed on the map proved, on challenge, to be a parson having a nap in the shade! He was able to prove his intentions were honourable. Charter work is brisk—amongst recent passengers have been Lord Carnarvon and Fred Darling to Newmarket. Lord Kildare, who took his "A" Licence at the Cinque Ports Club, has bought an "Avian" from Gravesend. Two lady members of the Club have been putting in a good deal of flying. Miss Rennay Tailyour, formerly private secretary to Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., is training for her "B" Licence, and Miss Margaret Cunnison has passed the numerous flying tests for this coveted document at Hendon. The most advanced age for joy-riding at Lympne is eighty-three. Mrs. Stamp, of Twickenham, now holds this record, and, as is usual on these occasions, is reported to have said she thoroughly enjoyed it and would fly again next year! The Marquess of Clydesdale visited the Club for the week-end, after the Royal Review, whilst Lady Warwick and party, also Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., were logged outward bound for Brussels in two "Dragons."

Changes in the Higher Command

TO expedite the expansion scheme for the R.A.F., the post of Inspector-General has been revived by the appointment of Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, now Air Chief Marshal in charge of the Defence of Great Britain. Sir Godfrey Paine, who died in 1932, was Inspector-General until 1920, when the duties of the department were merged in those of the Directorate of Equipment. Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, known to his contemporaries as "Brookham," has been flying for twenty-four years, and is the only survivor of the Air Battalion, Royal Engineers, which preceded the formation of the Royal Flying Corps. One other officer on the Active List, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, is senior to him as a pilot, having taken his ticket on April 25th, 1911, whereas that of Sir Robert is dated July 18th, 1911, exactly twenty-four years to-morrow. Air Marshal Sir John Steel, until recently the Air Officer commanding in India, is taking over the Air Defence of Great Britain. Group Captain Robert Leckie, who is well known at most of the civil, as well as the Service aerodromes in the country, is handing over the command of Hendon to Wing-Commander Miles, in order to devote his whole time to the Reserve of Air Force Officers, of which he is Superintendent. For the past two-and-a-half years, he has held both appointments, but the Reserve has now assumed much greater importance. As many as twelve new schools may be required, all civilian, but supervised by the Service.

"The Air Is Our Concern"

RECENT events have proved conclusively the truth of the phrase which forms this title—it is that of a book, edited by Nigel Tangye and published by Methuen at 6s. It consists of a series of articles by experts on different phases of this flying business, and, in spite of a little overlapping, not one of the contributors has contradicted another, which is a considerable tribute to the Editor's skill in his choice of subjects. Each chapter reviews some aspect of aviation as it affects the economic and social development of our time, and, as a whole, the book proves conclusively that the air is very much the concern of the Empire. In *The Romance of Flight* (Evans Brothers; 2s.) Captain Norman Macmillan reminds us that Cody's "Cathedral" was, in 1912, one of the heaviest aeroplanes in the world. Its weight was half a ton! To-day this is the weight of the owner-pilot's "fly-about." The heaviest 'plane at the R.A.F. Display was a flying-boat weighing 31 tons, and the German DO.X. has taken off at 50 tons all up.

Nigel Tangye, author, pilot and film expert, especially drawn for the "Bystander" by Molly Bishop. He gave a party at Claridge's to celebrate the publication of "The Air Is Our Concern," a particularly well-composed and topical book that he has edited

"Great preparations"

"Everything must be dainty" insists James, and he is certainly taking no chances with the salt! The makers of Cerebos, too, refuse to take chances. They pack those pure, gleaming white crystals first in a damp-proof liner and then in a sealed tin with a patent pourer. Careful housewives know that Cerebos is well worth the little more because it is always fine and dry.

CEREBOS

TABLE SALT

Saves in the long run

Guide to holiday happiness

Scarborough - The Grand
Scarborough 1053
For the Yorkshire Coast and Moors

Ramsgate - The Granville
Ramsgate 12 *and* 13
The Golfer's Paradise

Blackpool - The Metropole
Blackpool 1040
For the English Lakes

Bath - - The Empire
Bath 4207-8-9
'Twixt Mendips and Cotswolds

Lynton - Valley of Rocks
Lynton 49
Devonshire Coast, Exmoor and Lorna Doone Country

Bushey - - Bushey Hall
Watford 4221
A fine Old Country Mansion, Free Golf to Residents, 18 holes. 30 minutes by Rail or Road to West End, London

London - Bailey's Hotel
Gloucester Rd. Station *Frobisher* 8131

South Kensington Hotel
Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7. *Western* 7181

Both these hotels are situated near Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Access to West End, 6 minutes

Also under the same control:

Brighton - The Grand Hotel
Brighton 3211
On the Sunny South Coast

Southampton - South Western
Southampton 5031
For the Isle of Wight and New Forest

The EMPIRE HOTELS

always first class

Booklets and full information regarding all these hotels may be obtained from the resident managers or from Empire Hotels, Ltd. (Head Office) 35, New Bridge Street, E.C.4

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

A Past Lady Champion and a Present One

Mrs. Robin Welsh, ex-Scottish lady champion, presenting the East of Scotland Women's Singles Trophy to Miss W. A. Mason, also winner of the women's doubles with Miss M. F. G. Hird (right), and the mixed doubles with D. McPhail, Jr. (left). Also in the picture are J. Hill, winner, men's singles (second from left), and V. A. Wood Hawkes and E. N. MacMeeken (winners, men's doubles)

The Dogs' Derby

Lady Loch, wife of the chairman of the G.R.A., presents the Derby Cup to Mr. J. P. Lockhart-Mummery, the celebrated surgeon, and owner of the winning dog, Greta Ranee, who was presented to the owner by Mr. R. H. Dent, seen on Lady Loch's right

So the M.C.C. have made a peace gesture to Larwood and Voce. I thought it would come; indeed, I hinted that Larwood, the Nottingham Express, would enter into the Test picture before very long. Truth is, Larwood is still the fastest bowler in the land, even though he had cut down his terrifically long run—and what a majestic run it was, to be sure—to something like nine or ten paces. And Voce, too, is a splendid foil to Larwood, beside being a more than useful slow spin bowler if the wicket warrants a change of style.

The M.C.C., however, met with a rebuff. Part of the "bargain," if Larwood and his Notts colleague were to be considered for the England side, was that they should retract their statements regarding that wretched "body-line" squabble. This they have refused to do, while they have also stated quite definitely that they have no real wish to appear in international cricket. So there we are: and England will go into future matches without two of the finest attackers in the country. It is a great pity.

Our real weakness just now is that we have very few really fast bowlers. Clark, of Northants, the big-hearted Bowes, and, perhaps, Copson, of Derbyshire, are pretty nearly our only authentic fast bowlers, apart, that is, from the Notts speed specialists. Why this decline in, what, after all, is the chief attacking weapon in any team? Maybe the young cricketer is discouraged from trying to "hurl 'em down" for the very simple reason that there has been such a hullabaloo over speed. And so, steering a course in more placid waters, he goes in for spin and the slower stuff.

I am told, however, that there is one young fast bowler who may well be a world-beater in a few years' time. I refer to W. R. Rees-Davies, whom we saw in action for Eton against Harrow at Lord's. The experts—and one of them is the famous Rhodes—think that he is a real discovery: indeed, they are saying that he is better than was the likeable G. O. Allen as a schoolboy. And Allen, mark you, was fast enough when at Eton, though now, at times, it would seem that he sacrifices length for speed.

Let us hope that the promise of Rees-Davies is fulfilled. Not only that, let us fervently hope that he will not be over-bowled in the next few years. There is no fear of that, I dare say, while Rhodes' watchful eye is on the bowler; but later on there may be a tendency to give him over-long spells—and nothing is so harmful or likely to take the "fire" out of a youngster.

By the way, Harrow have a very useful bowler in R. M. Bond. He is very steady, and, on his day, a regular havoc-worker, as Charterhouse will testify when he took all their first innings wickets! So here we are: Rees-Davies and Bond are shaping well for the future. Let us hope that their early promise will not disappear, for England will surely need class bowlers in the years ahead.

And now, for a paragraph or so, I would like to refer to the decision of R. E. S. Wyatt not to accept the invitation of the M.C.C. to captain the touring side in New Zealand next winter. Wyatt says he needs a rest. He is wise; far too many first-class cricketers have lost their form in accepting invitations to go on tour after tour, so that they get no real rest from the game. Even now I feel that Walter Hammond would have been wise had he taken a winter away from cricket instead of going to the West Indies as he did.

However, Wyatt's absence will probably give Errol Holmes his chance to show us what sort of a leader he is. I have no doubt that he will prove good, for he has the imagination and the temperament for the job. By the way, I thought it rather shabby of the England Selectors not to give the Surrey skipper another chance in the Leeds Test. As Sutcliffe has pointed out—and here is a man who knows his job—it is not fair to judge any player on one appearance for England. But there it is, the Selectors decided to discard Holmes.

Meanwhile, I feel that the decision to jettison R. W. V. Robins is a grave mistake. I happen to know that there is more behind his absence than any feeling that he is not an England player—which I assert that he

The Cambridge Captain

G. W. Parker, the Cambridge captain, leaving net practice with J. H. Human, the old Cantab and Middlesex cricketer, previous to the start of the third day's play in the Varsity match, which was disastrous for Oxford

Imber Court Horse Show

Above: H.R.H. the Duke of Kent presents the first prize for hacks to Sam Marsh on Miss M. McAlpine's Cherry Brandy at the Metropolitan Police Mounted Training Establishment, Imber Court, Thames Ditton

Right: P. A. Gibbs and N. A. Hotchkin, who gave Cambridge a good start in both innings against Oxford, going out to bat at Lord's

Cambridge Stalwarts

Celebrations at Southport

Left: Mr. A. Marland, captain of the Birkdale Golf Club, Southport, with the Mayor of Southport on his right, at the dinner given to celebrate the opening of the club's new club-house. Below: a striking photograph of the handsome new club-house of the Birkdale Golf Club, Southport, details concerning which will be found on this page

Links With a Past, and a Present-Day Pavilion

Spanish wood-chopper was still standing up at the end, though there was no doubt that he had been thoroughly outpointed.

What a great-hearted fighter is Uzcudun. For him, through the years, had come heavy punishment and many defeats, but he has yet to be knocked out. He is, indeed, of the Tom Heeney stamp, rugged and courageous. Carnera could not fell him, and Schmeling found him just as difficult an opponent in Germany as he did in Madrid some time ago.

However, though Schmeling did not win on a knock-out, he looked very good, so I am assured by a friend who saw the contest. Now two fight offers are awaiting the German. Both come from America: one bout is with Max Baer, the deposed world's champion, and the other against the coloured boxer, Joe Louis. Which will Schmeling accept? I should imagine that a meeting with Baer would be more attractive to him just now, for Louis is an unknown quantity so far as he is concerned. If he should beat Louis or Baer, then he would be right in line for a championship contest against the holder, James Jay Braddock, the ex-dock labourer.

BIRKDALE'S new club-house, the nineteenth-hole wonder of the golfing world, was opened on Saturday, July 6th, by the captain, Mr. Alfred Marland, with a special gold key presented to him by the contractor, Mr. John Tomkinson, and after the opening ceremony the captain gave a dinner in the club-house to which the Mayor of Southport and all the captains of the Merseyside golf clubs were invited, together with other well-known figures in the world of golf. As Birkdale is a seaside course, the architect, Mr. George Tonge, of Southport, has designed a building which sits on the sandhills like a cruiser on the waves, with storeys which diminish in size, rising like decks. Standing on the "Promenade Deck," overlooking the Irish Sea, it needs little imagination to feel that one is on a cruise. The deck is big enough for deck-tennis to be played. The club-house cost £10,000, and £2,000 was spent on the decorations.

The building also contains large smoke-room, billiards room, a card-room, and a large dining-room handsomely furnished. Truly the golfer is well catered for nowadays!

Even hard-bitten wanderers who have seen the club-houses of the Old and the New Worlds will find new zest at Birkdale.

The course is worthy of the club-house, having had £5000 spent on it during the last few years, having been re-designed by Hawtree and J. H. Taylor to bring it up to Open Championship standard.

Although the cream of English professionalism was engaged there during the recent Southport Dunlop Tournament, not one succeeded in breaking 70 on this 6800-yard course winding through natural sandhills from start to finish, without a sign of artificiality in its make-up.

is. He would have probably proved a match-winner against South Africa at Lord's. After all, he would have been playing on his own pitch, the vagaries of which this season he should know through and through. But perhaps Robins is too buoyant a personality for some unimaginative folk, whose solemnity he is inclined rather impishly to upset, for he is a supreme leg-puller.

AND now to boxing. Straightway, Max Schmeling's fight with Paolino Uzcudun comes to mind. I, for one, expected the German heavy-weight to have a knock-out win; but no, the

Phew! Hot Stuff at Walton Heath

Lucifer Golfing Society: By H. H. Harris

Capt. Carlton Levick, C.B.E., working out the scores

Maj. H. E. Gillmore with his all-square shirt and stance

R. F. Bagley, of India, going towards the "jungle" at any hole—short or long

Norman Brookes, playing in his old tennis Championship cap, and with lip well protruding, struck the ball good and proper

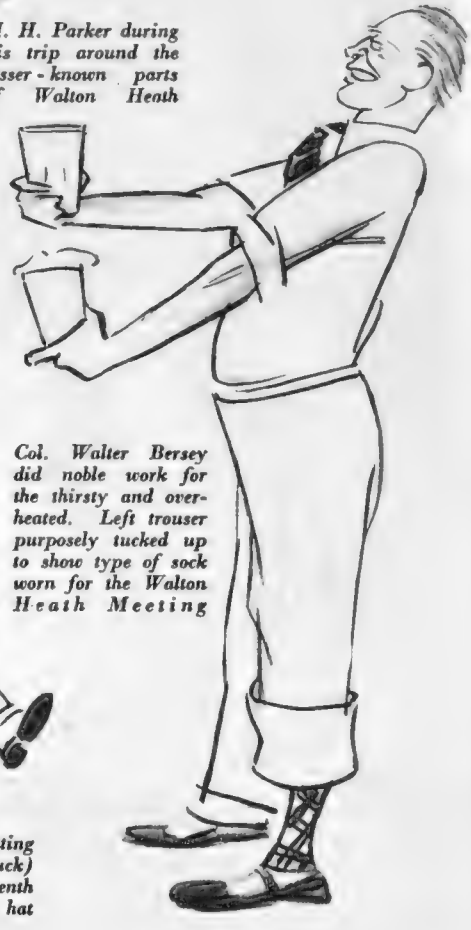
A. V. Clifton hit the ball so many ways that it was difficult to know whether he was coming or going

G. Le Blanc-Smith "taking off" for the rescue of his partner

H. H. Parker during his trip around the lesser-known parts of Walton Heath

Major W. H. H. Aitken, plus 2, striking past his middle

A. I. Johns fighting his way (with luck) back to the nineteenth in his Honolulu hat



Col. Walter Bersey did noble work for the thirsty and overheated. Left trouser purposely tucked up to show type of sock worn for the Walton Heath Meeting

KEEP YOUR HAIR YOUNG

A woman's first grey hair is supposed to be a milestone of tragedy. It is—the first milestone in the tragedy of neglect, for that, and nothing else, is usually the cause of greyness. When active, the sebaceous glands of the hair secrete a waxlike substance called cholesterol which feeds and tones the hair. If the scalp is neglected these glands become exhausted and the hair weak and grey.

RESTORENE, the famous hair tonic, contains cholesterol in solution so that it reaches the roots of the hair, nourishing and restoring it to health and vigour. Soon the revitalised glands produce pigment and the hair grows in its natural colour right up from the roots, without dye or danger.

In addition to cholesterol, which is so valuable a food for the hair, RESTORENE contains effective tonic ingredients to stimulate the scalp, ridding it of scurf and inflammation which lead to loss of hair and greyness. Whether your hair is already grey or merely out of condition, RESTORENE will bring back to it the health and vigour of youth.

READ THESE OPINIONS OF 'RESTORENE'

"I have tried your magic 'RESTORENE' ... for 5 weeks. Now I am using it twice a week and am delighted with the effect as the hair is getting back its nice colour again and growing so much new hair, of which quite a lot is dark. It makes the hair so fine and washed with the lovely Pine Leaf Shampoo makes it so easy to do up. The two together make it shine and the only word for it is glamorous. I know you will be interested to hear of my success for which many thanks to you. I enclose cheque and order form for another 8/-bottle and one for Pine Leaf Shampoo." (sgd.) Miss B.B.

"Kindly send me another bottle of your Restorene Hair Tonic for grey hair. I find it has very much improved the condition of my hair." (sgd.) E.N.D.

RESTORENE HAIR TONIC—8/- per bottle (one month's treatment). Small size 4/6 per bottle. Post free in plain wrapper. Write for free folder "Why You Should Not Dye Grey Hair."

Obtainable only direct from
RESTORENE Co. (Dept. C), Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

BREAST SUPPORTER

Beware of Harmful Substitutes

WHICH NEITHER SUPPORT NOR UPLIFT. The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS,** and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

ALSO A NEW INVENTION FOR AMPUTATION

Prices on Application.
Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad
Trade Mark. Regd. Design. Copyright Reserved.

SPECIAL STYLE FOR LOW-BACK, ETC., FOR BATHING. FROM 25/6

WARNING

INFLAMMATION & PAIN must NOT be OVERLOOKED. See your DOCTOR. JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER MUST be WORN DAY & NIGHT. It gives PROPER UPLIFT, WITHOUT PRESSURE, keeps the BREASTS in CORRECT POSITION. Does NOT PUSH TOGETHER and gives YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE & IMMEDIATELY relieves PAIN.

WITHOUT & WITH
Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps, from **52/6**
Loose Breasts or Maternity, **32/6**
White material. For drooping heavy Figures, **38/6**
Please state Bust and Underbust measurements. Small Figures only. In fine white material, **15/6**
Very Low-Back Models, **63/-**

HOSIERY, BATHING COSTUMES, ETC.
Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free illustrated Circular.
If not satisfactory, money returned in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post. Personal fitting when calling, or send your order.
Post free only in U.K. *Obtainable only from:*
"JOUJOU" Co. Dept. B 357 1775
32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone - **WELBECK 1249**

KING GEORGE'S JUBILEE TRUST

HIS MAJESTY'S SPEECHES

THE RECORD OF THE SILVER JUBILEE

Special Limited
LIBRARY EDITION
individually numbered
and bound in Leather

Compiled by permission of H.M. the King, this work includes in its fifty-six pages the full text of His Majesty's Speeches and the Jubilee Addresses and broadcast messages. It is illustrated throughout with full-page plates on art paper.

A limited supply of a special Library Edition has been prepared. Copies are available at 10/6 each, Post Free 10/9 These are individually numbered, and bound in Blue leather, with the Royal Coat of Arms and the titles embossed in gold.

The proceeds from the sale of every copy will be devoted to King George's Jubilee Trust.

Orders for this special Library Edition may be sent by post, using the Order Form below.

To: The Editor, His Majesty's Speeches, King George's Jubilee Trust, 10, St. James's Square, S.W.1.

Please send me by return "His Majesty's Speeches."

.....copy(ies) Library Edition at 10/9 each, post free, for which I enclose remittance value _____

Cheques or Postal Orders should be sent crossed and made payable to: "King George's Jubilee Trust." Write Below Clearly in Block Letters.

NAME .....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

Date ....

CÆSAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR.

By C. AMBLER.

Copies in full colour, on plate sunk mounts (actual size of picture 15 × 10¼), at 5/- each.
Copies signed by the artist 10/- each

Postage in each case 6d. extra.

Or framed complete in best quality ⅛" Polished Black Moulding, as shown above, with Plywood back and glass. Size over all 20¾" × 16¾". Packed in Wooden Crate and Carriage Paid in Great Britain and Ireland (excluding the Irish Free State) 10/6 each.

Or copies signed by the artist 15/6 each.

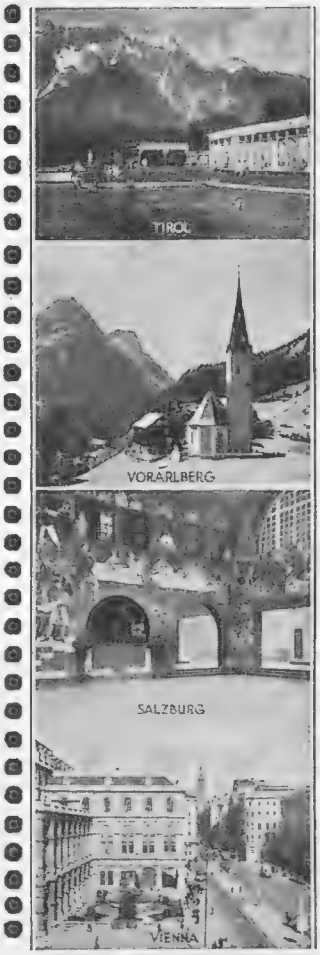
Orders with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS,
346 STRAND, W.C.2.

TRAVEL FLICKERS No. 1

see radiant

AUSTRIA



DID you ever feel you wanted to be far, far away from all that you ever knew? The North Pole would be far enough—but it's not exactly a cheery spot: Try Austria! the journey is easy and Austria is a world removed from any other country. Lovely rococo castles. Mountains that sweep up magnificently from cool azure lakes and fields bright with flowers. Towns that have a character all their own: Graz and Innsbruck and Linz . . . Salzburg, every music-lover's pilgrimage . . . there's no end of far-away places to see. Cost? You need scarcely give it a thought, it amounts to so little! Big reductions in fares obtainable. Write us or see us for complete information.

AUSTRIAN STATE TRAVEL BUREAU,
159/161, Regent St., London, W.1
or Leading Tourist Agencies

see radiant

AUSTRIA

The Need for a Noise Limit

By The Earl of Cardigan

ANYONE who has ever lain awake at night and tried to analyse the various traffic noises will, I think, agree that it is the small cars, when badly driven, which create the worst and most penetrating din. I would stress the words "when so driven," because in the vast majority of cases the fault lies with the driver rather than with the car.

The police, I fancy, do not realise this. They must imagine that a small sports car is inherently noisy, and that therefore it is no good remonstrating with the driver of it. Otherwise it would be inexplicable that no steps are taken to cope with the more obvious offenders.

Heaven forbid that I should seem to advocate more numerous prosecutions for motoring offences! I would, however, like to see less attention paid to the unfortunate individual whose number-plate is a quarter of an inch too small, and any surplus zeal on the part of the police transferred to the task of harrying the midnight driver who races his engine in a frantic and nerve-shattering manner.

Let us consider the ordinary small car which is designed to give a "sports" performance. Its engine will generally "tick over" in a perfectly quiet manner. Up to 30 or 40 m.p.h. in top gear, and up to 20 m.p.h. in third gear, it will continue to run as silently as most. Especially is this the case if the rate of acceleration is fairly gradual.

On the other hand, if second gear is engaged at a corner, and if the engine is accelerated as rapidly as possible up to its maximum speed before any further change of gear is made, then the amount of noise becomes very great indeed. It is much worse than that of an aeroplane passing overhead, because it is not constant, but rises in a violent crescendo to some unpredictable peak of cacophony.

Everything depends, therefore, upon the style of driving. It may well be argued that to drive a sports car at only moderate "revs." is to drive it inefficiently. This is perfectly true. The driver who gets down to second gear and goes "all out" will get to the end of the street in the most expeditious manner possible.

ALL modern engines, however, are remarkable for their flexibility. If they do not develop full power, they at least run perfectly well and smoothly at very low speeds indeed. It is certainly no hardship to the driver to use third gear instead of second on a corner, or top gear instead of third when going round a bend. A trifling amount of time is lost—and that is all.

Noise, I believe, can be measured, and therefore a "noise-trap" could be worked as easily as a speed-trap in the built-up areas. During the night, at any rate, the noise-trap would be doing a far greater service to the inhabitants.

On general grounds, I suggest that a campaign to limit engine noise at night would be decidedly in the interest of motorists as a whole. Excessive noise is obviously a cause of annoyance to the non-motoring public, and such annoyance at present can only be expressed by reviling "those —— motorists, who can't even let one sleep in peace."

Now, the state of mind which induces reference to "those —— motorists" is a very dangerous one, and is capable of breeding endless trouble. Hence any particular foible on the part of motorists which arouses such feeling is, ipso facto, highly undesirable. The ordinary citizen tends to think of motorists as a class, rather than individually, so that the innocent are abused with the guilty.

In short, there can be little or no defence for the driver who, at night, makes more noise than is strictly necessary. He gives genuine cause for complaint—that is, his crime is a real and not merely a technical one; he arouses ill-feeling which is directed at motorists generally, and not merely at himself; and finally, when all this harm has been done, he has gained only a miserable few seconds which he could quite well have spared.

The Phantom II. Rolls-Royce Sedanca Coupe which Lord Doverdale has recently purchased from Jack Barclay, of George Street, Hanover Square, W.1

THE PEAK OF EXCELLENCE
FONTORICE
FRENCH VERMOUTH
Obtainable at the Leading Wine Merchants and Stores throughout the Kingdom

LUCERNE SWITZERLAND
HOTEL
SCHWEIZERHOF
EVERY COMFORT—PERSONAL ATTENTION
GOLF 18 HOLES O. HAUSER, Prop.

CASH ADVANCED
£30 to £5,000
WITHOUT SECURITY.
RICHMOND INVESTMENTS LTD.,
4, The Green, RICHMOND, SURREY

SAFE BIND
SAFE FIND
PRIVATE STEEL SAFES
From 6D. a week
LONDON SAFE DEPOSIT
18-20, LOWER REGENT ST. PICCADILLY CIRCUS

NOVIO
TOILET PAPER
Rolls, Packets & Cartons
—most economical.
Sold everywhere.
THIN Soft Strong Silky
See the 'Lancet's' opinion, 27th July, 1907

THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Revised from January 1, 1935.)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras.	Three Months, No Extras.
INLAND ..	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 11s. 6d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
CANADA ..	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 6d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD ..	£3 5s. 0d.	£1 13s 8d.	£1 11s 1d.	15s. d

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Bystander*,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER *weekly for .....months commencing with the issue of.....for which I enclose.....*

Name .....

Address .....

Date.....1935.

What's On *(Continued from page A)*

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, where day or evening clothes go well: cabaret at midnight.

CARLTON.—Dwight Fiske, the New York cabaret wit, is a superb entertainer; Howard Jacobs' band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Midnight Follies have the Three Sailors, Diana Ward, and some *Stop Press* stars as specialities; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—"Les Girls" from Monte Carlo sing and dance and look nice, and there are other turns to amuse; Sydney Lipton's band plays: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—The newest restaurant has good food and a good band: day or evening clothes are accepted.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Excellent food, especially fish, and good wines; lunch, dinner, supper; no music.

PRUNIER'S.—Every kind of fish in this Paris-in-London restaurant; good wines by the glass; no music.

RITZ.—A café chantant evening, compèred by "Charlie," who sings charmingly; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Maurice Winnick's band plays; there's no cabaret; one must dress to dance; extension, Wednesday.

SPORT

CRICKET:
GENTLEMEN V. PLAYERS: Lord's, to-day.
ROYAL NAVY V. ARMY: Lord's, July 22nd-23rd.

TENNIS:
DAVIS CUP, Inter-Zone Final: Wimbledon, July 20th, 22nd-23rd.

ATHLETICS:
OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE V. HARVARD and YALE: White City, July 20th.

POLO.—Good matches almost every day: Ranelagh, Roehampton, Hurlingham.

RACING:
NEWMARKET.—Second July Meeting: July 16th-18th.
ECLIPSE MEETING: Sandown, July 19th-20th.

Le Touquet

One hour from Croydon by air

Three Golf Courses

10 TENNIS COURTS—SWIMMING POOL—HORSE RACING—POLO—DRAG HUNTS

The Most Fashionable Casino

ROULETTE BACCARAT

The place where French and English aristocracy meet.

HOTELS

Westminster

ine Forest, close to Casino, rooms, all with bath. usive terms from 100 frs.

Grand Hotel

on the beach, most central. 200 rooms, 150 baths. Full board from 75 frs.

dvertisers would appreciate your mentioning

THE BYSTANDER

hen replying to their announcements.

ACHES, PAINS STIFFNESS RUBBED AWAY

Stiff muscles are *poisoned* muscles Local congestion prevents the blood from circulating freely and removing waste products. Hence the pain . . . hence the need for a good rub with Volatol to draw blood to the part and carry away both poison and pain. You can feel its healing warmth doing you good.

Of all Chemists 2/-

STIFF JOINTS, STRAINED MUSCLES, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, ETC.

Rub a little in. feel a lot better

VOLATOL

TAKES PAINS

WHY NOT

SAN SEBASTIAN

AND THE SPANISH BASQUE COUNTRY

FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS?

WONDROUS MOUNTAIN SCENERY, GOLDEN SANDS GLORIOUS SUNSHINE, EVERY SPORT AND AMUSEMENT AND — A FAVOURABLE RATE OF EXCHANGE.

ASK YOUR TOURIST AGENCY OR APPLY TO

CENTRO DE ATRACCION Y TURISMO

SAN SEBASTIAN (SPAIN)

LONDON OFFICE: 205, HIGH HOLBORN W.C.1

Do you suffer from TRAVEL SICKNESS?

This amazing new remedy ensures perfect comfort on any journey—land, sea or air. "WHITEWINGS" possess many advantages over old-fashioned "sea-sick" remedies, being invaluable for all forms of travel sickness.

These small tablets should be swallowed with an ample draught of water or they are equally efficacious dissolved in any liquid. They need only be taken a short time before the commencement of the journey. Each dose of two tablets is individually packed in its own transparent wrapping and the handy travel pack holds five full doses.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR "WHITEWINGS" TRAVEL PACK AT 4/-.

If you would learn what real travel comfort means, send a 1½d. stamp for free samples to:—DEPT. B.x. MEDIPAC PRODUCTS, LTD., 47, Princes Street, Ipswich.

WHITEWINGS

THE SURE REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF TRAVEL SICKNESS.

FAMOUS SINCE 1885

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

Rendells

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

What an inspiration—to be able to cleanse and refresh your hands and face, even in company, with One-da Wafers—soft felt discs impregnated with a wonderful Cologne solution that cleanses, soothes and dries itself. Non-greasy. Beneficial to the skin. May be freely used on the most delicate complexion. A boon for card-parties, dances, the train or car—in fact, for every kind of work and play.

GET A BOX TO-DAY—*and enjoy the convenience of "A wash in your pocket."*

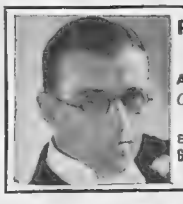
ONE-DA *Protected by Patent*

CLEANSING WAFERS

From Hairdressers, Chemists, Stores.

PER BOX: 1/3 Handbag Size: 6d.

SEND 6d. TO-DAY for special Handbag size and name of nearest dealer, to Osborne, Garrett & Co. Ltd., London, W.1



PHILIP BROWN AND HIS BAND

Columbia records and Broadcasting.

ENQUIRIES: 6, Livery St., B'HAM. 'Phone: Central 2727.

SELF LOCKING ONE-PIECE Semi Stiff Collar

SOLD EVERY WHERE Price 1/- EACH

Stocked in quarter sizes.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to F. R. HEALE & SON, LTD., READING

YOUR GARAGE DOORS OPEN As You Arrive with the PARLEE

£6.6 COMPLETE AUTOMATIC DOOR OPENER

(Mains or Battery Operated)

Write for full Particulars to

CONSTABLE HART & Co. LTD.

Broadway Buildings, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1

Distinctive Dresses for Important People

Left: Miss Muriel Platford wore this lovely frock when she married Mr. Philip Allen on June 15th at St. Peter's Church, Littleover, Derby. It is made by Gordon's, Nottingham, in heavy satin-backed crêpe, cut on princess lines with horizontal tucking at intervals. The skirt is moulded to the figure and widens at the hem, forming a graceful train. Yards and yards of tulle make the veil, which hangs in clouds from a wreath, while the full bishop sleeves are in net

Right: Miss Mary Stuart, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Stuart, and Mrs. Stuart, of Newcastle, wore this classical frock at her marriage to Mr. J. A. Crisp, son of the late Engineer Rear-Admiral Crisp, and Mrs. Crisp, of Gosforth, which took place at St. John's Church, Newcastle, on June 13th. It is designed and made by Fenwick's (Newcastle) in rich silver lamé. Ruchings of ivory net outline the neck, and the lamé train is set from the shoulders

The Editor's Box

The path leading to the Branksome Towers Hotel's private bathing beach at Bournemouth

Amusements Catered For

Branksome Towers Hotel, Bournemouth, may be strongly recommended as an hotel for the sportsman and sportswoman. It especially caters for the golf and tennis enthusiast, while the claims of the squash player are not forgotten, and there is bathing from the hotel's private promenade. The dance band, led by Frederic Hadyn, will satisfy the most exacting taste, and the cabarets which are held on special occasions are an additional attraction. Under the genial management of Mr. Burdet this hotel has acquired a well-deserved reputation for excellent service and quiet luxury which leaves nothing to be desired.

The G.W. Ry. Goes Gay

Railway Ribaldry is the title of a book of drawings by W. Heath Robinson which the G. W. Railway publish at 1s. The subjects portray certain events in the history of the Railway, which celebrates its jubilee this year. It will be guessed that as Mr. Heath Robinson is the artist, the illustrations are of a humorous nature, and a mathematical calculation shows that the laughs work out at almost exactly eight a penny. And for value that would be hard to beat.

Twelve o'clock: a corner of La Potinière, the new bar for snacks and cocktails at Marshall and Snelgrove's

Royal Zoute Golf Club

All those who regularly visit the three fine seaside courses belonging to the Royal Zoute Golf Club, Knocke s/m, Belgium, will be interested to hear that Tom Barber is being engaged as their leading professional. Apart from his being an International player, Barber's performances in the British Open Championship during the last ten years or so have been remarkable. In 1926, when Bobby Jones won the World's Championship, Barber shared with Abe Mitchell the honour of being the first Englishman home, and amongst his many other successes in various fields he took E. R. Whitcombe to the thirty-ninth hole in the final of the *Yorkshire Evening News* Tournament held in 1931, having beaten the present World's Champion in an earlier round by 5 and 4. Barber is not only a fine player, but an extremely competent teacher who is likely to raise the standard of Continental play.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1935.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

1929-1935
WIMBLEDON CHAMPIONSHIPS

In these seven years
THIRTY-ONE FINALISTS
including
EIGHTEEN CHAMPIONS
used
"Top-Flite" and other rackets
made by

SPALDING

s year **FIVE FINALISTS** used them including the **NNER** of the **LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP**
who played the

PALDING "LAMINA"

Made in England by
. G. SPALDING & BROS. (BRITISH) LTD.,
Putney, London, S.W.15.

he "Top-Flite" (Tournament or Standard) and Lamina" each cost **70/-**. These and other palding Rackets at prices to suit all pockets are

TAINABLE OF ALL SPORTS DEALERS

3046

FELIX HOTEL FELIXSTOWE

A wide, close-mown lawn intervenes between your bedroom windows and the sea. Twenty-eight perfect tennis courts lie just behind, belonging to you. Two expert-built squash courts at the end of a hotel corridor—yours for the asking. Croquet lawns of tournament texture. Sea-edge golf five minutes distant in the hotel bus. And within, modernity in service and surroundings. In other words, the very place you are seeking.

For illustrated Souvenir and Tariff 101 write to Resident Manager, or to Hotels Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2

Telephone : FELIXSTOWE 221 Telegrams : FELIX HOTEL, FELIXSTOWE

JUAN-LES-PINS-ANTIBES

IDEAL SUMMER BEACH

Every needy body

requiring and receiving such help as this Society affords (and has afforded for 73 years) is assisted absolutely

irrespective of creed.

We seek the co-operation of kindly-hearted people of all denominations so that sufferers needing suitable surgical appliances may have their need supplied, and thus be enabled to retain or resume their work. Over

1,550,000 appliances

have been supplied to the poor since the Society was founded in 1862.

An Annual Subscription of **10s. 6d.** or a Life Subscription of **£5 5s.** entitles the Subscriber to two "Letters" each year—and so on in proportion.

Address : THE SECRETARY

Royal Surgical Aid Society

Patron :
H.M. The King.
Head Office :
SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4
Kindly mention "The Bystander" in your reply.

FOR GOOD SOLES

PURITAN *LEATHER* SOLES

PURITAN TANNERIES LIMITED RUNCORN, CHESHIRE

FOR LONGER WEAR & GREATER COMFORT

ON SATURDAY NEXT

The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

will publish A ROYAL NAVAL & MILITARY REVIEW NUMBER

To complete its magnificent record of the never-to-be-forgotten Jubilee, it now remains for THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS to portray in its inimitable way the scenes during the Reviews at Spithead and Aldershot.

The Royal Naval and Military Review Number will be the fourth and final of the Silver Jubilee series, and will sell at the price of two shillings.

If you were fortunate in securing the Jubilee issues of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS early in May last, you will undoubtedly wish to make your Jubilee record complete. To this end one thing is vital: *you should place an order early with your regular newsagent* for the ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY REVIEW NUMBER.

For members of the Naval, Military and Air Forces it will be a treasured possession, a record of service pageantry unparalleled in the post-war generation, for upon such an occasion as this THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is unequalled in mechanical and editorial excellence. With such vivid material being available there can be no doubt that this Royal Naval and Military Review Number will win world admiration.

You will want a copy for yourself and for your friends overseas. May we again remind you? A *heavy* demand is anticipated, so place an order now with your regular newsagent or write to The Publisher, ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 346 Strand, London. Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

THE DATE — JULY TWENTY

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

COMUS.—Milton's masque in a double programme with Ben Jonson's CHLORIDIA: Open Air Theatre.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GHOSTS.—Ibsen's great drama has in it Nancy Price, Glen Byam Shaw, Elizabeth Maude, George Zucco, and Morris Harvey, for six special performances: Little Theatre, matinées, from July 18th.

GRIEF GOES OVER.—A fine performance by Sybil Thorndike; the people are real and convincing; the story is a little under weight: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MASK OF VIRTUE.—A Restoration comedy written to-day; it 's polished, witty, naughty; the stars are Jeanne de Casalis, Lady Tree, Vivien Leigh, Frank Cellier: St. James's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

NOAH.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding is Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PUBLIC SAVIOUR NO. 1.—A modern morality play, with John Stuart as to-day's prophet who is killed by gangsters; Vera Lennox as a cabaret girl: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DECEIVERS.—A musical nonsense; Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Arthur Riscoe's sombre fooling is irresistible; Irene Palasty is attractive and amusing; it 's a lively, amusing show: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A KINGDOM FOR A COW.—Kurt Weill's musical play is a romantic satire; George Gee, Bobbie Comber, Jacqueline Francell, and La Jana are in it: Savoy, 8.30.

LOVE LAUGHS—!—Renee Houston is the shining star of this cheerful musical comedy with a film studio story; Laddie Cliff, Alan Kearns, Barbara Newberry are in it too: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 62.—Edna Thompson, Doris Barry, Hugh Rene, Ken Douglas, Ken Blain, Cedric Miller, Eddie Kelland, and Windmill Girls, in topical sketches, amusing song-and-dance numbers, and attractive "Dickens" ballet, with Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes: Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE.—A. R. Rawlinson's play from the Embassy Theatre, with Marie Ney, Eric Portman, Frederick Leister: Criterion, July 18th.

Doris Barry

Has been promoted from the chorus to soubrette in "Revudeville" at the Windmill Theatre. She is the sister of Alice Markova, the brilliant ballerina of the Vic-Wells Company

Mirth and Mystery

ACCIDENTALLY YOURS.—George Robey and Alice Delysia in a farce from the French: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Greer Garson are in it too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

ABYSSINIA.—A topical picture, giving a non-political view of the country, its tribes, and its modernised Army: Rialto.

BARCAROLE.—An attractive French film with a Venetian setting and an Offenbach atmosphere; the two French stars act brilliantly: Curzon.

BECKY SHARP.—The new technicolour film, with Miriam Hopkins as Becky, and Cedric Hardwicke in the strong cast; the lighting and colour-design are worth seeing: New Gallery.

BULLDOG JACK.—Jack Hulbert as a deputy Bulldog Drummond, with Ralph Richardson as his gangster enemy, and Fay Wray as the girl-friend: Tivoli.

THE CALL OF THE WILD.—A film version of Jack London's story, with Clark Gable, Loretta Young, and Jack Oakie: London Pavilion.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.—George Arliss puts on the robes of yet another big man of history: Leicester Square.

ENCHANTED APRIL.—Ann Harding and Frank Harding are the stars of this story set in an Italian castle. And a thriller, THE CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, with Warren Williams: Capitol.

MEN WITHOUT NAMES.—Another G-man thriller, with Fred MacMurray as the hero and Madge Evans as the heroine: Plaza.

PARIS LOVE SONG.—An attractive new musical, with Mary Ellis as a cabaret singer, Tullio Carminati as a count, Ida Lupino as a Paris jeune fille: Carlton.

PUBLIC HERO NO. 1.—Chester Morris and Lionel Barrymore are in this. In the same programme is VAGABOND LADY, with Robert Young and Evelyn Venable: Empire.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Russia of 1860, filmed by a Soviet company, based on two Dostoievski stories; the hero is a young violinist, and there 's some good music; and LAC AUX DAMES, with Simone Simon: Academy.

SWEET ADELINE.—Irene Dunne sings and looks lovely in the Kern-Hammerstein musical of the 'nineties: Regal.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS.—John Buchan's thriller (stars—Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll; director—Alfred Hitchcock) is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL CARNATION SOCIETY: Horticultural Hall, July 23rd-24th.

ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: Burlington House.

RUSSIAN ART.—Pictures, jewels, ikons, porcelain, ballet costumes, all of Imperial Russia: 1, Belgrave Square

BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES.—Colonel de Basil's Company, and the L.P.O. to play for them, are at Covent Garden.

LAC DES CYGNES; BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE; COTILLON: to-day, 2.30.

CARNAVAL; SCHEHEREZADE; BEAU DANUBE: to-night, 8.45.

CARNAVAL; LES CENT BAISERS (Nijinska's new ballet); BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE: July 18th, 8.45.

BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE; LES CENT BAISERS; PRÉSAGES: July 19th, 8.45.

CARNAVAL; SCHEHEREZADE; AURORA'S WEDDING: July 20th, 2.30.

SCUOLA DI BALLO; LES CENT BAISERS; UNION PACIFIC: July 20th, 8.45.

BALLETS RUSSES DE PARIS.—A two-weeks' season, with Woizikowski as the leading dancer: Daly's, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL.—Ritual and social dances from all over Europe: Albert Hall, July 17th 18th, 19th (evenings); Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, July 19th (matinée); Lambeth Palace, July 20th (matinée).

(*Continued on page* iii)

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and
Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagemen

Navana

Peggy Grant

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grant, of the Walnuts, Pinkneys Green, Berks, and is being married to-morrow (July 18) at St. George's, Hanover Square

Navana

Pamela Farquharson

Is engaged to Robert Blackadder, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blackadder, of Rockville Lodge, Grange Road, Edinburgh; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. George Farquharson, of Kingsdon Manor, Kingsdon, Somerset

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Davie

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Davie, of the Hainin, Woking, Surrey, and is engaged to Roger Wakefield, Sudan Civil Service, youngest son of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Wakefield, of Vincents Drive, Dorking

Douglas

Wilma Mary Marsden

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Marsden, of the British Museum, W.C.1; she has announced her engagement to Edward A. M. Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Moy Thomas, of 1, Avenue des Fleurs, Monte Carlo

Bassano

Diana Wingfield

Is the only daughter of Sir Charles Wingfield, C.M.G., British Minister to the Vatican, and is engaged to Baron Alexander Corsi, of the Italian Admiralty; the wedding is planned for London in September

Pearl Freeman

Angela Noble

Is to marry William T. Wells in September at Westminster Cathedral. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Noble, of 79, Chester Square, S.W.1, and he is a barrister and the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wells, of Bexhill-on-Sea

Navana

Sheila Byrne

Is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. F. Keays Byrne, of Rawalpindi, N.W.F.P., India, and is engaged to David Parry-Evans, the Welch Regiment, son of the Rev. J. D. S. Parry Evans, Chaplain Commandant, the Royal Army Chaplain's Department, and the late Mrs. Parry-Evans, of Starston, Norfolk

Douglas

Cynthia Barlow

Is the debutante daughter of the late Keith Barlow, and Mrs. Barlow, of 3, Vicarage Gate, W.8; she announced her engagement last week to Norman Bursill, of the Barn, Sandwich, son of the late E. H. Bursill

Lenare

Elaine Tosh

Is to be married shortly to John A. V. Hart-Davis, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hart-Davis, of 20, Elvaston Place, S.W.7; she is the only daughter of the late Elmslie Tosh, and Mrs. G. U. Thomson, of Annfield, Broughty Ferry

Bristow — McKee

John Follett Bristow, son of the late Captain S. F. Bristow, and Mrs. Campbell, of Kenya Colony, and Marjorie Isabel McKee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George McKee, of Deramore Park, Belfast, were married at the McCracken Memorial Church, Belfast

Knight — Keane

Christopher E. Knight, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Knight, of Ackworth, Lymington, Hants, and Sheila Keane were married at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. She is the daughter of Sir John and Lady Eleanor Keane, of 46, Hamilton Terrace, W., and Cappoquin, Ireland

Tighe — Simpson

Paymaster-Lieutenant W. G. S. Tighe, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Tighe, of Rossanagh, Ashford, Co. Wicklow, and Dorothea Rosemary Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Simpson, of Clearmount, Weymouth, were married at Holy Trinity, Weymouth

Pearl Freeman

Joan Coghill

Is the only child of the late Captain H. Mackay Coghill, H.L.I., and Mrs. Henry Smurthwaite, of Rosebank, Cookham, Berks, and is engaged to Lt.-Com. R. C. Haskett-Smith, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Haskett-Smith, of St. Ann's Cottage, Starcross, Devon

Pearl Freeman

Beatrice Osborne Williams

Is engaged to Captain Henry Story, M.C., the Cameronians, son of the late H. H. Story, of Gosforth, Northumberland; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Williams, of Gwentland, Chepstow, Mon.

Bolam — Middlemas

Robert Bolam, of Norham-on-Tweed, and Catherine Louise Middlemas, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Middlemas, of Barndale House, Alnwick, Northumberland, had a country wedding last week at St. Michael's, Alnwick

Yorke — Maitland

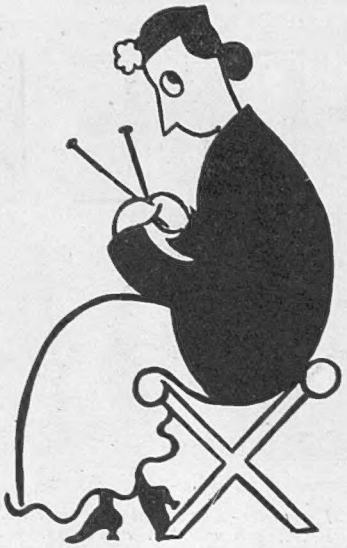
Peter Yorke, son of Mrs. Yorke, of Riversdale House, Long Preston, Yorks, and Nora Maitland, daughter of the late Major the Hon. Alfred Maitland, and Mrs. Maitland, of Westwood, Forfar, and a cousin of Lord Lauderdale, were married at St. Mary's, Kirriemuir

Rowe — Robertson

Lieut.-Com. C. A. Kingsley Rowe, R.N., son of the late Alfred Rowe, and Mrs. Rowe, of Glandwr Hall, Barmouth, Wales, and Mairi Robertson, daughter of the late J. C. Robertson, and Mrs. Robertson, of Newmore, Invergordon, Ross-shire, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Walker — Holden

Neville Blair Walker, younger son of the late Sidney Walker, of Knutsford, and Mrs. Walker, of South Bank, Bowdon, Cheshire, and Sadie Joyce Holden, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Neill Holden, of Braeside, Dunham Massey, Cheshire, were married at St. Margaret's, Altrincham



A maiden lady looked askance
At what went on in Deauville, France.
"I think," she said, "it is a crime,
That people have so good a time!"

only

70

MINUTES

by 'plane to

DEAUVILLE

OLLEY AIR SERVICE Ltd.

(Departure from Horseferry House for Croydon)

The World's Greatest Playground

ROULETTE — ALL SPORTS

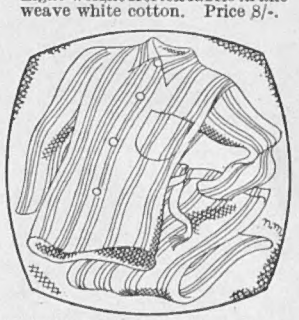
Three Palatial Hotels at Moderate Rates :

ROYAL HOTEL NORMANDY HOTEL
HOTEL DU GOLF

F. André : Managing Director.

Come by train and boat if you choose ; the **Southern Railway** offers express service via Southampton and Havre.

● Aertex Tennis Shirt. 1850. Long-sleeved shirt with collar attached. Light weight Aertex fabric in fine weave white cotton. Price 8/-.



● Aertex Pyjamas, plain or striped in D. and C. ranges. Price 18/6. A.P. New printed stripe, 12/6.

"I've worn Aertex for years—simply because it's comfortable and healthy. It stands to reason — to keep fit you must let your skin breathe. And Aertex does prevent your being stifled one moment and frozen the next . . . . . Chuck over my shirt will you? . . . . . Thanks . . . . Oh yes, that's Aertex too."

Aertex underwear is made in many styles and a variety of weights and weaves. You can be sure of fit and comfort, whatever the price you choose to pay. Men's Athletic Vest and Trunks (illustrated).

Vest	88	931 or 1850	1616
	3/-	4/-	5/-
Trunks	88	931 or 1850	1616
	4/-	5/-	6/-

AERTEX

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. AERTEX LONDON

Your garment is not Aertex unless it bears this label.

Now a **WATERPROOF** that LETS YOUR BODY BREATHE. Only **DUNLOP** Waterproofs have this new health feature made possible by their exclusive rights to use genuine **AERTEX** lining.

Ask your Outfitter or Draper for illustrated Catalogue.

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO., LTD., 72-73 FORE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2. *Wholesale only.*

AND FOR WOMEN, TOO!
You'll find just the undergarments and pyjamas you like best in the Aertex range. They're not expensive, either. For instance, opera-topped vests in elastic Aertex—a cunning art. silk and cotton weave—cost from 2/11. Ask your draper to show you.

M.G1.